THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyſelf preſent,
As child whoſe parent is unkent,
To him that is the Preſident
Of Nobleneſſe and Chivalrie------
And, aſked who thee forth did bring?
A ſhepeheard's ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head------
And when thou art paſt jeopardie,
Come tell me what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:
Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spredd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice-----
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes-----
So SPENSER now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURG:
THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V.

Contayning

The Legend of Artegall, or of Justice.

I.

So oft as I with ſtate of preſent time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quite out of ſquare
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe,
And being once amiſſe, growes daily wourſe and
[wourſe:

II.

For from the Golden Age, that firſt was named,
It's now at earſt become a ſtonie one;
And men themſelves, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould [illegible]d form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now tran[illegible]rmed into hardeſt ſtone,
[illegible]uch as beh[illegible]d their backs (ſo backward bred)
[illegible]thr[illegible]ne by Pyrrha and Deucalione;
[illegible]en thoſe may any worſe be red,
[illegible]hat are long will be degendered.

III.

Let none then blame me if, in difcipline
Of vertue and of civill ufe's lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of prefent dayes, which are corrupted fore,
But to the antique ufe which was of yore,
When good was onely for itfelfe defyred,
And all men fought their owne, and none no more;
When Iuftice was not for moft meed out-hyred,
But fimple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and fo us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elfe in time are chaunged quight:
Ne wonder, for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it firft was pight,
And fo doe make contrarie conftitution
Of all this lower world toward his diffolution.

V.

For whofo lift into the heavens looke,
And fearch the courfes of the rowling fpheares,
Shall find that from the point where they firft too[k]
Their fetting forth, in thefe few thoufand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares:
For that fame golden fleecy Ram, wh[ich] bore
Phrixus and Helle from their ftepdames [f]eares,
Hath now forgot where he was plaft of yo[re],
And fhouldred hath the Bull which fa[ire Europa]
bore:

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted thoſe two Twinnes of Love,
That they have cruſht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan Lion's grove:
So now all range and do at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amiſſe doe move,
And all his creatures from their courſe aſtray,
Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that ſame great glorious lampe of light
That doth enlumine all theſe leſſer fyres
In better caſe, ne keepes his courſe more right,
But is miſcaried with the other ſpheres;
For ſince the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the ſoutherne lake,
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forſake.

VIII.

And if to thoſe Aegyptian wiſards old
(Which in ſtar-read were wont have beſt inſight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt tooke the ſunnes hight,
Foure times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice [illegible]ath riſen where he now doth weſt,
An[illegible] weſte[illegible]l twice where he ought riſe aright;
But n[illegible]s Mars amiſſe of all the reſt,
Ar[illegible]t to him old Saturne, that was wont be beſt.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompet's sound;
Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts:

X.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might,
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread soverayne Goddesse! that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement in th'Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great iustice praysed over all,
The instrument whereof, loe here thy Arteg[all].

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed ;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

I.

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring, which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat;
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did [deface.

II.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' East before untam'd did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne ;
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne :
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who in the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed,
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

III.

And ſuch was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Iuſtice, Artegall,
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to ſuccour a diſtreſſed dame,
Whom a ſtrong tyrant did uniuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold; Grantorto was his [name.

IV.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addreſſe,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gratious redreſſe:
That ſoveraine queene, that mightie empereſſe,
Whoſe glorie is to aide all ſuppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patroneſſe,
Choſe Artegall to right her to reſtore,
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkild in righteous lore.

V.

For Artegall in iuſtice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Aſtræa, with great induſtrie,
Whileſt here on earth ſhe lived mortallie;
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iuſtice them inſtructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world ſhe walked in this ſort,
Upon a day ſhe found this gentle childe
Amongſt his peres playing his childiſh ſport,
Whom ſeeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and ſpeaches milde
To wend with her; ſo thence him farre ſhe brought
Into a cave, from companie exilde,
In which ſhe nourſled him till yeares he raught,
And all the diſcipline of iuſtice there him taught.

VII.

There ſhe him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to meaſure out along
According to the line of conſcience,
Whenſo it needs with rigour to diſpence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She cauſed him to make experience
Upon wyld beaſts, which ſhe in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppreſſing others of their kind.

VIII.

Thus ſhe him trayned, and thus ſhe him taught,
In all the ſkill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripeneſſe of man's yeares he raught,
That even wilde beaſts did feare his awfull ſight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durſt withſtand
His dreadfull heaſt, much leſſe him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenſo he liſt in wrath liſt up his ſteely brand:

IX.

Which ſteely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her ſlight
And earneſt ſearch, where it was kept in ſtore
In Iove's eternall houſe, unwiſt of wight,
Since he himſelfe it us'd in that great fight
Againſt the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainſt higheſt Heaven; Chryſaor it was hight;
Chryſaor! that all other ſwords excelled,
Well prov'd in that ſame day when Iove thoſe gyants [quelled:

X.

For of moſt perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongſt the ſame,
And garniſht all with gold upon the blade,
In goodly wiſe, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no leſſe vertue then of fame;
For there no ſubſtance was ſo firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave whereſo it came,
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But whereſoever it did light, it throughly ſhard.

XI.

Now when the world with ſinne gan to abound,
Aſtræa loathing lenger here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heaven, whence ſhe deriv'd her race,
Where ſhe hath now an everlaſting place,
Mongſt thoſe twelve ſignes which nightly we do ſee
The heavens bright-ſhining baudricke to enchace;
And is the Virgin, ſixt in her degree,
And next herſelfe her righteous Ballance hanging bee.

XII.

But when ſhe parted hence ſhe left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her ſtedfaſt doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, reſiſtleſſe, without end,
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he threſht out falſhood, and did truth un-[fould.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunſt to neede,
Againſt that cruell tyrant which oppreſt
The faire Irena with his foule miſdeede,
And kept the crowne in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed:
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they ſaw a ſquire, in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorrowfull ſad tyne,
With many bitter teares ſhed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they eſpide
A ſorie ſight as ever ſeene with eye,
An headleſſe ladie lying him beſide,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in diſcolour die:
Much was he moved at that ruefull ſight,
And, flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He aſkt who had that dame ſo fouly dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

XV.

"Ah! woe is me, and well away!" quoth hee,
Burſting forth teares like ſprings out of a banke,
"That ever I this diſmall day did ſee!
"Full farre was I from thinking ſuch a pranke;
"Yet litle loſſe it were, and mickle thanke,
"If I ſhould graunt that I have doen the ſame,
"That I mote drinke the cup whereof ſhe dranke;
"But that I ſhould die guiltie of the blame,
"The which another did, who now is fled with ſhame."

XVI.

"Who was it then," ſayd Artegall, "that wrought?
"And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
"A knight," ſaid he, "if knight he may be thought
"That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
"And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
"This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
"With a fayre love, whoſe loſſe I now do rew,
"There came this knight, having in companie
"This luckleſſe ladie which now here doth headleſſe lie.

XVII.

"He, whether mine ſeem'd fayrer in his eye,
"Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
"Would chãnge with me; but I did it denye,
"So did the ladies both, as may be knowne;
"But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride upblowne,
"Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
"But having from his courſer her downe throwne,
"Fro me reft mine away by lawleſſe might,
"And on his ſteed her ſet, to beare her out of ſight.

XVIII.

"Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
"And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
"Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
"But rather of his hand besought to die;
"With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
"And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
"In that same place whereas it now doth lie:
"So he my love away with him hath borne,
"And left me here both his and mine owne love to [morne."

XIX.

"Aread," sayd he, "which way then did he make?
"And by what markes may he be knowne againe?"
"To hope," quoth he, "him soone to overtake,
"That hence so long departed, is but vaine;
"But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
"And as I marked bore upon his shield,
"By which it's easie him to know againe,
"A broken sword within a bloodie field,
"Expressingwell his nature which the same did wield."

XX.

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursewd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went;
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

XXI.

He bad him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commaunded ſo,
The lady to alight did eft require,
Whileſt he reformed that uncivill fo;
And ſtreight at him with all his force did go;
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly ſtricken with ſome ſtone's throw,
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a ſenceleſſe bloke.

XXII.

But ere he could himſelfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he ſeized had,
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
Hefound himſelf unwiſt ſo ill beſtad,
That lim he could not wag; thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall,
The ſight whereof the lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtayd, and forſt to wend withall.

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that ſame carefull ſquire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that ſquire betide;
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereuppon defide;
For neither he did ſhed that ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

XXIV.

Well did the ſquire perceive himſelfe too weake
To aunſwere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with ſpeare and ſhield,
And rather guilty choſe himſelfe to yield:
But Artegall by ſignes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that lady kild,
But that ſtrange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to ſtraine;

XXV.

And ſayd, " Now ſure this doubtfull cauſe's right
" Can hardly but by ſacrament be tride,
" Or elſe by ordele, or by blooddy fight,
" That ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide;
" But if ye pleaſe that I your cauſe decide,
" Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
" So ye will ſweare my iudgement to abide."
Thereto they both did franckly condiſcend,
And to his doome with liſtfull eares did both attend.

XXVI.

" Sith then," ſayd he, " ye both the dead deny,
" And both the living lady claime your right,
" Let both the dead and living equally
" Devided be betwixt you here in ſight,
" And each of either take his ſhare aright.
" But looke who does diſſent from this my read,
" He for a twelve moneths day ſhall in deſpight
" Beare for his penaunce that ſame ladies head,
" To witneſſe to the world that ſhe by him is dead."

XXVII.

Well pleaſed with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred ſtreight the lady to be ſlaine;
But that ſame ſquire to whom ſhe was more dere,
Whenas he ſaw ſhe ſhould be cut in twaine,
Did yield ſhe rather ſhould with him remaine
Alive, then to himſelfe be ſhared dead;
And rather then his love ſhould ſuffer paine,
He choſe with ſhame to beare that ladies head:
True love deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is cald in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when ſo willing Artegall perceaved,
"Not ſo, thou Squire!" he ſayd, "but thine I deeme
"The living lady, which from thee he reaved;
"For worthy thou of her doeſt rightly ſeeme.
"And you, Sir Knight, that love ſo light eſteeme,
"As that ye would for little leave the ſame,
"Take here your owne that doth you beſt beſeeme,
"And with it beare the burden of defame,
"Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abrode your ſhame."

XXIX.

But Sangliere diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt,
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breaſt,
Untill that Talus had his pride repreſt,
And forced him maulgre it up to reare;
Who when he ſaw it booteleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated ſpaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that ſquire Sir Artegall adore
For his great iuſtice, held in high regard,
And as his ſquire him offred evermore
To ſerve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard;
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent,
But leaving him, forth on his iourney far'd;
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t'encounter an whole regiment.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the pagan fight:
Him ſlaies; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her caſtle quight.

I.

Nought is more honourable to a knight,
Ne better doth beſeeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſſe in ſuch as wend awry:
Whilome thoſe great heröes got thereby
Their greateſt glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deſerved with the gods on hy:
Herein the nobleſſe of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iuſtice' ſake proceedes:

II.

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunſt to meet a dwarfe in haſty courſe,
Whom he requir'd his forward haſt to ſtay,
Till he of tidings mote with him diſcourſe:
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he ſtay perforſe,
And gan of ſundry newes his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe,
But chiefly of the faireſt Florimell,
How ſhe was found againe, and ſpouſde to Marinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimel's owne dwarfe,
Whom having loſt, (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the ſcattred ſcarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare;
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And ſafe returne, he was full inly glad,
And aſkt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be ſolemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her ſpouſall ad.

IV.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do heare,
"It will be at the Caſtle of the Strond;
"What time, if naught me let, I will be there
"To do her ſervice, ſo as I am bond;
"But in my way, a little here beyond,
"A curſed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
"That keepes a bridge's paſſage by ſtrong hond,
"And many errant knights hath there fordonne,
"That makes all men for feare that paſſage for to ſhonne."

V.

"What miſter wight," quoth he, "and how far hence
"Is he, that doth to travellers ſuch harmes?"
"He is," ſaid he, "a man of great defence,
"Expert in battell and in deedes of armes,
"And more emboldned by the wicked charmes
"With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport,
"Having great lordſhips got, and goodly farmes,
"Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort,
"By which he ſtil them holds, and keepes with ſtrong effort.

VI.

" And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
" For never wight he lets to passe that way,
" Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
" But he him makes his passage-penny pay,
" Els he doth hold him backe or beat away.
" Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
" Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
" Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize,
" But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

" His name is hight Pollente, rightly so,
" For that he is so puissant and strong,
" That with his powre he all doth over-go,
" And makes them subject to his mighty wrong,
" And some by sleight he eke doth underfong;
" For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
" Which is but narrow, but exceeding long,
" And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
" Through which the rider downe doth fall through [oversight.

VIII.

" And underneath the same a river flowes,
" That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall,
" Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
" All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
" But he himselfe through practise usuall
" Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
" His foe, confused through his sodaine fall,
" That horse and man he equally dismaies,
" And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

IX.

"Then doth he take the ſpoile of them at will,
"And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby,
"Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
"The coffers of her wicked threaſury,
"Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped up ſo hy,
"That many princes ſhe in wealth exceedes,
"And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
"With the revenue of her plenteous meedes;
"Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

X.

"Thereto ſhe is full faire, and rich attired,
"With golden hands and ſilver feete beſide,
"That many lords have her to wife deſired,
"But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride."
"Now by my life," ſayd he, "and God to guide,
"None other way will I this day betake,
"But by that bridge whereas he doth abide,
"Therefore me thither lead." No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoile,
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſkull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law;
To whom he aunſwerd wroth, "Loe there thy hire?"
And with that word him ſtrooke, that ſtreight he did
expire.

XII.

Which when the pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud; streight leapt the carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall;
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew,
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew;
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe bestrad.

XIV.

Which oddes whenas Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide,
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steed to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his griple strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a ſele are met
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The mayſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine;
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they [rore,
That all the ſea, diſturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the ſurges hore;
Such was betwixt theſe two the troubleſome uprore.

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forſt forſake
His horſe's backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones himſelfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in ſwimming ſkilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſownd;
So ought each knight, that uſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better ſide,
For both were ſkild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride;
But Artegall was better breath'd beſide,
And towards th'end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne beare himſelfe upright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him [dight.

XIX.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned,
Where many yeares it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse pen.

XX.

That done, unto the castle he did wend,
In which the paynim's daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend,
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie;
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

XXII.

With noise whereof the lady forth appeared
Uppon the castle-wall; and when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow,
And gan intreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought,
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII.

But whenas yet she saw him to proceede,
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede,
And causde great sackes, with endlesse riches fraught,
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall;

XXIV.

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile;
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight againſt his powre themſelves to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid themſelves in corners here and there,
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide herſelfe for feare.

XXV.

Long they her ſought, yet no where could they finde her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcapt away;
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things ſecrete wiſely could bewray,
At length found out whereas ſhe hidden lay
Under an heape of gold: thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himſelfe her ſeemeleſſe plight did rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pitty would he change the courſe
Of iuſtice which in Talus' hand did lye,
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorſe,
Still holding up her ſuppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete ſubmiſſively;
But he her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thoſe feete of ſilver trye,
Which ſought unrighteouſneſſe, and iuſtice ſold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

XXVII.

Her ſelfe then tooke he by the ſclender waſt,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the caſtle wall adowne her caſt,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud;
But the ſtreame waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The ſpoile of peoples evill gotten good,
The which her ſire had ſcrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to aſhes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

XXVIII.

And, laſtly, all that caſtle quite he raced,
Even from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evil faſhion,
And wicked cuſtomes of that bridge refourmed;
Which done, unto his former iourney he retourned.

XXIX.

In which they meaſur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the ſea they drew,
By which as they did travel on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew,
Whoſe great aſſembly they did much admire,
For never there the like reſort they knew;
So towardes them they coaſted, to enquire
What thing ſo many nations met did there deſire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty gyant ſtand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
With which he boaſted, in his ſurquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the ſame to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys,
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

XXXI.

He ſayd that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the ſea, divided each from either;
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether;
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whoſe weight he would not miſſe a fether;
And looke, what ſurplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part reſtore the ſame againe.

XXXII.

For why? he ſayd they all unequall were,
And had encroched uppon others ſhare;
Like as the ſea (which plaine he ſhewed there)
Had worne the earth; ſo did the fire the aire;
So all the reſt did others parts empaire;
And ſo were realmes and nations run awry:
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In ſort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluſter thicke unto his leaſings vaine,
Like fooliſh flies about an hony-crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did ſee, and heare
How he miſled the ſimple peoples traine,
In ſdeignfull wiſe he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him ſpake, without regard or feare;

XXXIV.

“ Thou that preſum'ſt to weigh the world anew,
“ And all things to an equall to reſtore,
“ Inſtead of right, me ſeemes great wrong doſt ſhew,
“ And far above thy forces pitch to ſore;
“ For ere thou limit what is leſſe or more
“ In every thing, thou oughteſt firſt to know
“ What was the poyſe of every part of yore,
“ And looke then how much it doth overflow
“ Or faile thereof, ſo much is more then iuſt I trow.

XXXV.

“ For at the firſt they all created were
“ In goodly meaſure by their Maker's might,
“ And weighed out in ballaunces ſo nere,
“ That not a dram was miſſing of their right:
“ The earth was in the middle centre pight,
“ In which it doth immoveable abide,
“ Hemd in with waters like a wall in ſight,
“ And they with aire, that not a drop can ſlide;
“ Al which the heavens containe, and in their courſes guide.

XXXVI.

"Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
"That every one doe know their certaine bound,
"In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
"Andmongst them al no change hath yet beene found;
"But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
"We are not sure they would so long remaine;
"All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound;
"Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
"Till we maybe assur'd theyshall their course retaine."

XXXVII.

"Thou foolishe Elfe," said then the gyant wroth,
"Seest not how badly all things present bee,
"And each estate quite out of order goth?
"The sea itselfe, doest thou not plainely see
"Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
"And th' earth itselfe how daily its increast
"By all that dying to it turned be?
"Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
"And from the most that some were given to the least?

XXXVIII.

"Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
"And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
"These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
"I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
"And as they were them equalize againe.
"Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
"I will suppresse, that they no more may raine,
"And lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
"And all thewealthofrich men to the poorewilldraw."

XXXIX.

"Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
"What though the sea with waves continuall
"Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
"Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
"For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
"Is with the tide unto another brought;
"For there is nothing lost that may be found if sought.

XL.

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
"By all that dying into it doe fade,
"For of the earth they formed were of yore;
"However gay their blossome or their blade
"Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
"What wrong then is it if that when they die
"They turne to that whereof they first were made?
"All in the powre of their great Maker lie;
"All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

XLI.

"They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
"Ne ever any asketh reason why.
"The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
"The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
"He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
"He maketh subjects to their powre obay;
"He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
"He gives to this, from that he takes away;
"For all we have is his: what he list doe he may.

XLII.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
" Ne any may his mighty will withſtand;
" Ne any may his ſoveraine power ſhonne,
" Ne looſe that he hath bound with ſtedfaſt band;
" In vaine therefore doeſt thou now take in hand
" To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
" Whoſe counſels depth thou canſt not underſtand,
" Sith of things ſubiect to thy daily vew
" Thou doeſt not know the cauſes nor their courſes [dew.

XLIII.

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be ſo wiſe,
" And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
" Or weigh the light that in the eaſt doth riſe;
" Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow:
" But if the weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
" Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
" For how canſt thou thoſe greater ſecrets know,
" That doeſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
" Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the ſmall."

XLIV.

Therewith the gyaunt much abaſhed ſayd,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the leaſt word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
" Which is," ſayd he, " more heavy then in weight,
" The right or wrong, the falſe or elſe the trew?"
He anſwered that he would try it ſtreight;
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But ſtreight the winged words out of his ballaunce [flew.

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and ſayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide,
But he could iuſtly weigh the wrong or right.
" Well, then," ſayd Artegall, " let it be tride;
" Firſt in one ballance ſet the true aſide."
He did ſo firſt, and then the falſe he layd
In th'other ſcale; but ſtill it downe did ſlide,
And by no meane could in the weight be ſtayd,
For by no meanes the falſe will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI.

" Now take the right likewiſe," ſayd Artegale,
" And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much wrong."
So firſt the right he put into one ſcale,
And then the gyant ſtrove, with puiſſance ſtrong,
To fill the other ſcale with ſo much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might it not peiſe; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauf'd, and proved every way;
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII.

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almoſt would his balances have broken;
But Artegall him fairely gan aſſwage,
And ſaid, " Be not upon thy ballance wroken,
" For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
" But in the mind the doome of right muſt bee,
" And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
" The eare muſt be the ballance, to decree [agree.
" And iudge whether with truth or falſhood they

XLVIII.

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
" For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
" And put two wrongs together to be tride,
" Or else two falses, of each equal share,
" And then together doe them both compare;
" For truth is one, and right is ever one.".
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare
Whether of them the greater were attone;
But right sat in the middest of the beame alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For it was not the right which he did seeke,
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke,
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke;
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him [dround.

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make herselfe Misfortune's piteous pray;
So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled;
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, ſaw his ſudden deſolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to ſtirre up civill faction
For certaine loſſe of ſo great expectation;
For well they hoped to have got great good
And wondrous riches by his innovation;
Therefore reſolving to revenge his blood,
They roſe in armes, and all in battell order ſtood.

LII.

Which lawleſſe multitude him comming to
In warlike wiſe when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to do,
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the baſe blood of ſuch a raſcall crew;
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould retire,
He fear'd leaſt they with ſhame would him purſew;
Therefore he Talus to them ſent t'inquire
The cauſe of their array, and truce for to deſire.

LIII.

But ſoone as they him nigh approching ſpide,
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtroke at him on every ſide,
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay;
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a ſwarm of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelves in holes and buſhes from his vew.

LIV.

As when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule, dismayd with dreadfull fight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about;
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO III.

The ſpouſals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights;
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies ſights.

I.

After long ſtormes and tempeſts over-blowne,
The ſunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare;
So whenas Fortune all her ſpight hath ſhowne,
Some bliſfull houres at laſt muſt needes appeare,
Elſe ſhould afflicted wights oft-times deſpeire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long ſorrowes ſuffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd ſhe many moneths did mourne,
To taſt of ioy, and to wont pleaſures to retourne:

II.

Who being freed from Proteus' cruell band
By Marinell, was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land,
Where he her ſpous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And ſolemne feaſtes and giuſts ordain'd therefore,
To which there did reſort from every ſide
Of lords and ladies infinite great ſtore,
Ne any knight was abſent that brave courage bore.

III.

To tell the glorie of the feaſt that day,
The goodly ſervice, the devicefull ſights,
The bridegrome's ſtate, the bride's moſt rich aray,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me;
But for ſo much as to my lot here lights,
That with this preſent treatiſe doth agree,
True vertue to advance, ſhall here recounted bee.

IV.

When all men had with full ſatietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites ſuffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themſelves addreſſe, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd:
And firſt of all iſſu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him ſixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that ſhe all others did excell.

V.

The firſt of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard aſſayes;
The ſecond had to name Sir Belliſont,
But ſecond unto none in proweſſe prayſe;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecaſtor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, ſkild in lovely layes;
The ſixt was Lanſack, a redoubted knight:
All ſixe well ſeene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

VI.

And them againſt came all that liſt to giuſt,
From every coaſt and countrie under ſunne;
None was debard, but all had leave that luſt.
The trompets ſound; then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorſt, and many wounded,
As fortune fell, yet little loſt or wonne;
But all that day the greateſt prayſe redounded
To Marinell, whoſe name the heralds loud reſounded.

VII.

The ſecond day, ſo ſoone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for ſuch a game,
In which all ſtrove with perill to winne fame,
Yet whether ſide was victor note be gheſt;
But at the laſt the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deſerved beſt:
So they diſparted were, and all men went to reſt.

VIII.

The third day came, that ſhould due tryall lend
Of all the reſt; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did ſhew,
And through the thickeſt like a lyon flew,
Raſhing off helmes, and ryving plates aſonder,
That every one his daunger did eſchew:
So terribly his dreadfull ſtrokes did thonder,
That all men ſtood amaz'd, and at his might did
wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can alwaies happie ſtand?
The greaterároweſſe greater perils find.
So farre he paſt amongſt his enemies band,
That they have him encloſed ſo behind,
As by no meanes he can himſelfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him priſoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forſaken,
Unleſſe ſome ſuccour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whyleſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his ſnowy dame;
Where when he underſtood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at ſo unworthie ſhame,
And ſtreight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his ſhield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and ſoone them over-hent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he aſſayld with dreadleſſe hardiment,
And forſt the burden of their prize to ſtay.
They were an hundred knights of that array,
Of which th'one halfe upon himſelfe did ſet,
Th'other ſtayd behind to gard the pray;
But he ere long the former fiftie bet,
And from th'other fiftie ſoone the priſoner fet.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe,
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To ſet a freſh on all the other crew,
Whom with ſore havocke ſoone they overthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to perill ſhew:
So were they left lords of the field alone;
So Marinell by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his ſhield reſtore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there cloſe with him, in pretious ſtore,
That his falſe ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets ſound, and iudges roſe,
And all theſe knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize ſhould be adiudg'd by thoſe.

XIV.

And thether alſo came in open ſight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And beſt to him to whom the beſt ſhould fall:
Then for that ſtranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they ſhould the girlond yield,
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did ſhew his ſhield,
Which bore the ſunne brode blazed in a golden field.

XV.

The ſight whereof did all with gladneſſe fill;
So unto him they did adeeme the priſe
Of all that tryumph: then the trompets ſhrill
Don Braggadochio's name reſounded thriſe;
So courage lent a cloke to cowardiſe:
And then to him came fayreſt Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave empriſe,
And thouſand thankes him yeeld, that had ſo well
Approv'd that day that ſhe all others did excell.

XVI.

To whom the boaſter, that all knights did blot,
With proud diſdaine did ſcornefull anſwere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies ſake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell;
And further did uncomely ſpeaches crake:
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aſide for ſhame to heare what he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his ſnowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beſide,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele;
Whom when diſcovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid that ſurely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell ſo tride,
That Florimell herſelfe ſhe then did pas.
So feeble ſkill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
Ne wist he what to thinke or to devise;
But like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd,
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

XIX.

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus' charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Nature's worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright;
So stood Sir Marinell when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties queene.

XX.

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well had vewed,
And saw that boaster's pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said, "Thou Losell base!
"That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewed,
"And others worth with leasings doest deface,
"When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

XXI.

" That shield which thou doest beare was it indeed
" Which this day's honour sav'd to Marinell,
" But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
" Which didst that service unto Florimell;
" For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
" What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stird this day,
" Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
" Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
" So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

XXII.

" But this the sword which wrought those cruell [stounds,
" And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
" And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
" By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
" As for this ladie which he sheweth here,
" Is not (I wager) Florimell at all,
" But some fayre franion, fit for such a fere,
" That by misfortune in his hand did fall;"
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace,
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lillies interlace;
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace,
Whom whenas all the people such did vew, [shew.
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did

XXIV.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall whether should the honor get:
Streightway so soone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted damzell vanisht into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire,
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride,
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide;
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe ere one could it bewray.

XXVI.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour quell'd,
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent
So stolen from their fancies wonderment,
That what of it became none understood;
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a livelesse corse immoveable he stood.

XXVII.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her ſpoyle was onely left,
Which was not her's, as many it miſtooke,
But Florimell's owne girdle, from her reft
While ſhe was flying, like a weary wett,
From that foule monſter which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft,
Preſented to the fayreſt Florimell,
Who round about her tender waſt it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many ladies often had aſſayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit,
And many a one ſuppos'd to be a mayd;
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her faſtned it.
Such power it had, that to no woman's waſt
By any ſkill or labour it would ſit,
Unleſſe that ſhe were continent and chaſt,
But it would loſe or break, that many had diſgraſt.

XXIX.

Whileſt thus they buſied were bout Florimell,
And boaſtfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickeſt preaſſe of people came,
His owne good ſteed, which he had ſtolne, to clame;
And th'one hand ſeizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his ſword, for with the ſame
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have ſmit,
And had he not beene held, he nought had fayld of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse;
For Braggadochio would not let him pas,
And Guyon would him algates have perforse,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse:
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew, to stay th'avenger's forse,
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaved.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine,
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

XXXII.

Which Artegall well hearing (though no more
By law of armes there neede one's right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie)
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfie,
"Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
"Shapt like a horse's shoe, who list to seeke it there."

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horſe in hand, within his mouth to looke,
But with his heeles ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he ſpoke:
Another, that would ſeeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedſtall tooke,
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon ſelfe unto him ſpake,
And called Brigadore (ſo was he hight)
Whoſe voice ſo ſoone as he did undertake,
Eftſoones he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret marke to ſee;
And whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friſkt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horſe belong'd, and ſayd,
" Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the ſteed,
" As he with golden ſaddle is arayd,
" And let that loſell, plainely now diſplayd,
" Hence fare on foot, till he an horſe have gayned."
But the proud boaſter gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and diſdayned,
That iudgement ſo uniuſt againſt him had ordayned.

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny,
And thrice did lay his hand upon his ſword,
To have him ſlaine, or dearely doen aby;
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, " Sir Knight, it would diſhonour bee
" To you that are our iudge of equity,
" To wreake your wrath on ſuch a carle as hee;
" It's puniſhment enough that all his ſhame doe ſee."

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this puniſhment;
Firſt he his beard did ſhave, and fowly ſhent,
Then from him reft his ſhield, and it renverſt,
And blotted out his armes with falſhood blent,
And himſelfe baffuld, and his armes unherſt,
And broke his ſword in twaine, and all his armour [ſperſt.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie,
Who overtaking him did diſaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood ſhame,
And armes diſhonour with baſe villanie,
From all brave knights be baniſht with defame,
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deſerts with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtil slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights;
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

BOOK V. CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe ſtrive;
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And both from death reprive.

I.

WHOSO upon himſelfe will take the ſkill
True iuſtice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride;
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iuſtice to deride,
Unleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might;
For powre is the right hand of Iuſtice truely hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe
The charge of Iuſtice given was in truſt,
That they might execute her iudgements wiſe,
And with their might beat downe licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence iuſt;
Whereof no braver preſident this day
Remaines on earth, preſerv'd from yron ruſt
Of rude oblivion and long time's decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to ſay.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked faſt in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Caſtle of the Strond,
To follow his adventure's firſt intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond;
Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government:

IV.

With whom as he did paſſe by the ſea-ſhore,
He chaunſt to come whereas two comely ſquires,
Both brethren whom one womb together bore,
But ſtirred up with different deſires,
Together ſtrove, and kindled wrathfull fires;
And them beſide two ſeemely damzels ſtood,
By all meanes ſeeking to aſſwage their ires
Now with faire words; but words did little good:
Now with ſharpe threats; but threats the more increaſt [their mood.

V.

And there before them ſtood a coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on every ſide with iron bands,
But ſeeming to have ſuffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the ſands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it theſe ſquires at ods did fall,
And bent againſt themſelves their cruell hands,
But evermore thoſe damzels did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſſe pall.

VI.

But firmely fixt they were with dint of ſword
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iuſtify;
So ſtood they both in readineſſe thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent,
When Artegall arriving happily,
Did ſtay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this aunſwere frame;
" Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
" To whom our ſire Mileſio by name,
" Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
" Two iſlands, which ye there before you ſee
" Not farre in ſea, of which the one appeares
" But like a little mount of ſmall degree,
" Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
" As that ſame other iſle, that greater bredth now [beares.

VIII.

" But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
" And this devouring ſea, that nought doth ſpare,
" The moſt part of my land hath waſht away,
" And throwne it up unto my brother's ſhare,
" So his encreaſed, but mine did empaire.
" Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
" That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
" With whom a goodly doure I ſhould have got,
" And ſhould have ioyned bene to her in wedlock's knot.

IX.

" Then did my younger brother Amidas
" Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
" To whom but little dowre allotted was;
" Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
" What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
" But now when Philtra saw my lands decay,
" And former livel'od fayle, she left me quight,
" And to my brother did elope streightway;
" Who taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

X.

" She seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
" Through dolorous despaire, which she conceyved,
" Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
" Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
" But see how much her purpose was deceived!
" Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her,
" Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
" She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
" Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI.

" The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
" Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
" And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
" Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
" For any death to chaunge life, though most bad;
" And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
" (The lucky pylot of her passage sad)
" After long tossing in the seas distrest,
" Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did rest:

XII.

" Where I by chaunce then wandring on the ſhore
" Did her eſpy, and through my good endevour
" From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned ſore
" Her to have ſwallow'd up, did helpe to ſave her.
" She then in recompence of that great favour
" Which I on her beſtowed, beſtowed on me
" The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
" Together with herſelfe in dowry free;
" Both goodly portions, but of both the better ſhe.

XIII.

" Yet in this coffer which ſhe with her brought,
" Great threaſure ſithence we did finde contained,
" Which as our owne we tooke, and ſo it thought;
" But this ſame other damzell ſince hath fained
" That to herſelfe that threaſure appertained,
" And that ſhe did tranſport the ſame by ſea,
" To bring it to her huſband new ordained,
" But ſuffred cruell ſhipwracke by the way;
" But whether it be ſo or no I cannot ſay.

XIV.

" But whether it indeede be ſo or no,
" This doe I ſay, that whatſo good or ill,
" Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
" (Not wronging any other by my will)
" I hold mine owne, and ſo will hold it ſtill;
" And though my land he firſt did winne away,
" And then my love (though now it little ſkill)
" Yet my good lucke he ſhall not likewiſe pray,
" But I will it defend whilſt ever that I may."

XV.

So having ſayd, the younger did enſew;
" Full true it is whatſo about our land
" My brother here declared hath to you ;
" But not for it this ods twixt us doth ſtand,
" But for this threaſure throwne uppon his ſtrand;
" Which well I prove, as ſhall appeare by triall,
" To be this maides with whom I faſtned hand,
" Known by good markes and perfect good eſpiall;
" Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight began ;
" Certes your ſtrife were eaſie to accord,
" Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man."
" Unto yourſelfe," ſaid they ; " we give our word
" To bide what iudgement ye ſhall us afford."
" Then for aſſurance to my doome to ſtand,
" Under my foote let each lay downe his ſword,
" And then you ſhall my ſentence underſtand."
So each of them layd downe his ſword out of his hand.

XVII.

Then Artegall thus to the younger ſayd ;
" Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
" Your brother's land the which the ſea hath layd
" Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
" By what good right doe you withhold this day ?"
" What other right," quoth he, " ſhould you eſteeme,
" But that the ſea it to my ſhare did lay ?"
" Your right is good," ſayd he, " and ſo I deeme,
" That what the ſea unto you ſent your own ſhould
ſeeme."

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he ſayd :
" Now, Bracidas, let this likewiſe be ſhowne:
" Your brother's threaſure, which from him is ſtrayd,
" Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
" By what right doe you claime to be your owne?"
" What other right," quoth he, " ſhould you eſteeme,
" But that the ſea hath it unto me throwne ?"
" Your right is good," ſayd he, " and ſo I deeme,
" That what the ſea unto you ſent your own ſhould ſeeme.

XIX.

" For equall right in equall things doth ſtand :
" For what the mighty ſea hath once poſſeſt,
" And plucked quite from all poſſeſſors hand,
" Whether by rage of waves that never reſt,
" Or elſe by wracke, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
" He may diſpoſe by his imperiall might,
" As thing at randon left, to whom he liſt.
" So, Amidas, the land was your's firſt hight;
" And ſo the threaſure your's is, Bracidas, by right."

XX.

When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were diſpleaſed;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threaſure by that iudgement ſeaſed.
So was their diſcord by this doome appeaſed,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their ſharpe contention he had ceaſed,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away,
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide;
To whom when he approched neare in sight
(An uncouth sight) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry,
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

XXIII.

But they like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Rejoyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay?
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

XXIV.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe, deceived thei. intent;
Yet though himselfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wreeke on them their follies hardyment;
Who with few sowces of his yron flale
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent the.. h ome to tell a piteous tale
Of their vain prowesse turned to their proper bale:

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit;
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

XXVI.

"Sir Turpine! haplesse man! what make you here?
"Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
"That ever in this wretched case ye were?
"Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
"Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
"Or else what other deadly dismall day
"Is falne on you by Heaven's hard direction,
"Th.. ye were runne so fo... far astray
"As for to lead yoursel' into your owne decay?"

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht he himſelfe did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
But onely thus; " Moſt hapleſſe well ye may
" Me iuſtly terme, that to this ſhame am brought,
" And made the ſcorne of knighthood this ſame day;
" But who can ſcape what his own Fate hath wrought?
" The worke of Heaven's will ſurpaſſeth humaine thought."

XXVIII.

" Right true; but faulty men uſe oftentimes
" To attribute their folly unto Fate,
" And lay on Heaven the guilt of their own crimes.
" But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
" Your miſery, how fell ye in this ſtate?"
" Then ſith ye needs," quoth he, " wilt know my ſhame,
" And all the ill which chaunſt to me of late,
" I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſame,
" In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

XXIX.

" Being deſirous (as all knights are woont)
" Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
" And after fame and honour for to hunt,
" I heard report, that farre abrode did fly,
" That a proud Amazon did late defy
" All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
" And unto them wrought all the villany
" That ſhe could forge in her malicious head,
" Which ſome hath put to ſhame, and many done be dead.

XXX.

“ The cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruell hate,
“ Is for the ſake of Bellodant the bold,
“ To whom ſhe bore moſt fervent love of late,
“ And wooed him by all the waies ſhe could;
“ But when ſhe ſaw at laſt that he ne would
“ For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
“ She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
“ And for his ſake vow'd to doe all the ill
“ Which ſhe could doe to knights, which now ſhe doth fulfill.

XXXI.

“ For all thoſe knights, the which by force or guile
“ She doth ſubdue, ſhe fowly doth entreate;
“ Firſt ſhe doth them of warlike armes deſpoile,
“ And cloth in womens weedes, and then with threat
“ Doth them compell to worke to earne their meat,
“ To ſpin, to card, to ſew, to waſh, to wring;
“ Ne doth ſhe give them other thing to eat
“ But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
“ Them to diſable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

“ But if through ſtout diſdaine of manly mind
“ Any her proud obſervaunce will withſtand,
“ Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
“ She cauſeth them be hang'd up out of hand,
“ In which condition I right now did ſtand:
“ For being overcome by her in fight,
“ And put to that baſe ſervice of her band,
“ I rather choſe to die in lives deſpight,
“ Then lead that ſhameful life, unworthy of a knight.”

XXXIII.

"How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegall,
"And where and how far hence does she abide?"
"Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
"A princesse of great powre and greater pride,
"And queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
"And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
"With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
"And made her famous more then is believed,
"Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prieved."

XXXIV.

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
"To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
"I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
"And venge the shame that she to knights doth show:
"Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
"This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
"And wend with me, that ye may see and know
"How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
"And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would [empaire."

XXXV.

With that like one that hopelesse was repryv'd
From Deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone,
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway,
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name she called Radegone.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Deſcried ſtreight, who all the citty warned
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of bees in cluſters ſwarmed;
Ere long their queene herſelfe, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

XXXVII.

And now the knights being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in,
And at the porter, ſkorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his fleſh in pieces for his ſin;
Which whenas Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtreight the gates ſhould be unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons well prepard.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entraunce to have made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them ſtaid,
And better bad adviſe, ere they aſſaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on every ſide,
And arrowes haild ſo thicke, that they could not abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,
T'avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

XL.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake:
As when a beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause
To heare the pitcous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

XLI.

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse;
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her,
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

XLII.

Like to an eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide empire of the aire
To weather his brode ſailes, by chaunce hath ſpide
A goſhauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Uppon ſome fowle that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth [rive.

XLIII.

But ſoone as ſhe her ſence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herſelfe gan dight,
Through vengefulwrath and ſdeignfull pride half mad,
For never had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight;
But ere ſhe could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far aſunder caſt;
But mongſt the reſt the fight did untill evening laſt.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his ſtraunge weapon, never wont in warre,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their ſhooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to aſſault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a ſort of ſheepe diſperſed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV.

But whenas daies faire ſhinie beame, yclowded
With fearefull ſhadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beaſt in quiet reſt be ſhrowded,
Bold Radigund, with ſound of trumpe on hight,
Cauſd all her people to ſurceaſe from fight;
And gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in ſtate,
To be convayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Cauſd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate in open ſight,
Where he himſelfe did reſt in ſafety,
Together with Sir Terpin, all that night;
But Talus uſde in times of ieopardy
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receive reliefe,
But toſſed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolv'd herſelfe in ſingle fight
To try her fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather then ſee her people ſpoiled quight,
As ſhe had ſeene that day, a diſadventerous ſight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a truſty mayd,
Whom ſhe thought fitteſt for that buſineſſe,
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her ſayd;
" Goe, Damzell, quickly doe thyſelfe addreſſe
" To doe the meſſage which I ſhall expreſſe:
" Goe thou unto that ſtranger Faery knight,
" Who yeſterday drove us to ſuch diſtreſſe,
" Tell that to morrow I with him will fight,
" And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

XLIX.

" But theſe conditions doe to him propound,
" That if I vanquiſhe him, he ſhall obay
" My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
" And ſo will I, if me he vanquiſh may,
" Whatever he ſhall like to doe or ſay:
" Goe ſtreight, and take with thee to witneſſe it
" Sixe of thy fellowes of the beſt array,
" And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
" And bid him eate: henceforth he oft ſhall hungry [ſit."

L.

The damzell ſtreight obayd; and putting all
In readineſſe, forth to the town-gate went;
Where ſounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto thoſe warlike knights ſhe warning ſent.
Then Talus forth iſſuing from the tent,
Unto the wall his way did feareleſſe take,
To weeten what that trumpet's ſounding ment;
Where that ſame damzell lowdly him beſpake,
And ſhew'd that with his lord ſhe would emparlaunce
make.

LI.

So he them ſtreight conducted to his lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word;
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'ſies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight;
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete;
But Artegall himſelfe to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next daies fight.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guyle;
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarin's wile.

I.

So soone as day forth dawning from the East
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast,
Commaunded them their daily workes renew,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparde in order dew;
The knight as best was seeming for a knight,
And th'Amazon as best it likt herselfe to dight.

II.

All in a camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught,
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but when she list it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs ſhe painted buſkins wore,
Baſted with bends of gold on every ſide,
And mailes betweene, and laced cloſe afore;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield, bedeckt
Uppon the boſſe with ſtones that ſhined wide,
As the faire moone in her moſt full aſpect,
That to the moone it mote be like in each reſpect.

IV.

So forth ſhe came out of the citty-gate
With ſtately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzells that did waite
Uppon her perſon for her ſure defence,
Playing on ſhaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Ther ſound did reach unto the heavens hight;
So forth into the field ſhe marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they ſhould begin the fight.

V.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and firſt the liſts did enter;
Soone after eke came ſhe with fell intent,
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battel's utmoſt triall to adventer.
The liſts were cloſed faſt, to barre the rout
From rudely preſſing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about, [dout.
Wayting how Fortune would reſolve that dangerous

VI.

The trumpets founded, and the field began;
With bitter ftrokes it both began and ended.
She at the firft encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if fhe had intended
Out of his breaft the very heart have rended;
But he, that had like tempefts often tride,
From that firft flaw himfelfe right well defended.
The more fhe rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, fhe foynd, fhe lafht, fhe laid on every fide.

VII.

Yet ftill her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laft to win advantage new;
Yet ftill her crueltie increafed more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her purfew:
Like as a fmith, that to his cunning feat
The ftubborne mettall feeketh to fubdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron fledge doth ftrongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if fhe had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the funny ray,
Out of her fteely armes were flafhing feene,
That all on fire ye would her furely weene;
But with her fhield fo well herfelfe fhe warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life fhe fafely garded,
But he that helpe from her againft her will difcarded:

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shie'd he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger op̲ned way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedie beare unto her pray,
With her sharp cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth [drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well,
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the plaine.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke;
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shyne helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

XII.

But whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of Nature's goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment,
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent;
Like as the moone in foggie winter's night
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her [light.

XIII

At sight thereof his cruel minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this upstarting from her swoune, she star'd
Awhile about her with confused eye,
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

XIV.

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse;
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd,
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie pray'd,
Her wrathfull hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

XV.

Like as a puttocke, having ſpyde in ſight
A gentle faulcon ſitting on an hill,
Whoſe other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill,
The fooliſh kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill;
Even ſo did Radigund with bootleſſe paine
Annoy this noble knight, and ſorely him conſtraine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but ſhun the dred deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retyre,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did deſyre
To ſtay her ſtroks, and he himſelfe would yield;
Yet nould ſhe hearke, ne let him once reſpyre,
Till he to her delivered had his ſhield,
And to her mercie him ſubmitted in plaine field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he iuſtly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſſe word
To be her thrall, and ſervice her afford;
For though that he firſt victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt that he before attayned:
No fayrer conqueſt then that with goodwill is gayned.

XVIII.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke;
But Terpine, borne to a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t'abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled,
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX.

But when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred,
Whose presence all their troups so much encombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred;
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

XX.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whilome he gotten had great fame;
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray;
Amongſt the which ſhe cauſd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray,
And broke his ſword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many brave knights, whoſe names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazon's proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd ſo uncomely vew:
But they were forſt through penurie and pyne
To doe thoſe workes to them appointed dew;
For nought was given them to ſup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twiſting linnen [twyne.

XXIII.

Amongſt them all ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gave,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flax and tow;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo brave:
So hard it is to be a woman's ſlave!
Yet he it tooke in his owne ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behave
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight
Her vaſſall to become if ſhe him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him ſeene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas' ſake he did apply
His mightie hands the diſtaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters which the world annoyed,
His lyon's ſkin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of ſweet love, and with his miſtreſſe toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bynd
T'obay the heaſts of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand
To purchaſe a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wiſely underſtand
That they were borne to baſe humilitie,
Unleſſe the Heavens them lift to lawfull ſoveraintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true ſubiection,
However it his noble heart did gall
T'obay a woman's tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election;
But having choſen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whoſe wandring fancie after luſt did raunge,
Gan caſt a ſecret liking to this captive ſtraunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night;
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord
To ſerve the lowly vaſſall of her might,
And of her ſervant make her ſovereyne lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſſe much abhord.

XXVIII.

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her love-ſicke hart,
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtrove it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her owne ſmart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At laſt, when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeyſance of Love's mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.

XXIX.

Unto herſelfe in ſecret ſhe did call
Her neareſt handmayd, whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſaid, "Clarinda, whom of all
"I truſt alive, ſith I thee foſtred firſt,
"Now is the time that I untimely muſt
"Thereof make tryall in my greateſt need:
"It is ſo hapned that the Heavens uniuſt,
"Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
"To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed."

XXX.

With that ſhe turn'd her head, as halfe abaſhed,
To hide the bluſh which in her viſage roſe,
And through her eyes like ſudden lightning flaſhed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion roſe;
But ſoone ſhe did her countenance compoſe,
And to her turning, thus began againe:
" This griefes deepe wound I would to thee diſcloſe,
" Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,
" But dread of ſhame my doubtfull lips doth ſtill re-
[ſtraine."

XXXI.

" Ah, my deare Dread!" ſaid then the fearefull mayd,
" Can dread of ought your dreadleſſe hart withhold,
" That many hath with dread of death diſmayd,
" And dare even Deathes moſt dreadfull face behold?
" Say on, my ſoverayne Ladie, and be bold:
" Doth not your handmayd's life at your foot lie?"
Therewith much comforted, ſhe gan unfold
The cauſe of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confeſſe, yet faine would it denie.

XXXII.

" Clarin," ſayd ſhe, " thou ſeeſt yond Fayry knight,
" Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
" Subiected hath to my unequall might;
" What right is it that he ſhould thraldome find
" For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
" That for ſuch good him recompence with ill?
" Therefore I caſt how I may him unbind,
" And by his freedome get his free goodwill,
" Yet ſo as bound to me he may continue ſtill:

XXXIII.

" Bound unto me, but not with ſuch hard bands
" Of ſtrong compulſion and ſtreight violence
" As now in miſerable ſtate he ſtands;
" But with ſweet love and ſure benevolence,
" Voide of malitious mind or foule offence;
" To which if thou canſt win him any way
" Without diſcoverie of my thoughts pretence,
" Both goodly meede of him it purchaſe may,
" And eke with gratefull ſervice me right well apay.

XXXIV.

" Which that thou mayſt the better bring to paſs,
" Loe here this ring, which ſhall thy warrant bee,
" And token true to old Eumenias,
" From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhalt ſee,
" That in and out thou mayſt have paſſage free.
" Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits adviſe,
" And all thy forces gather unto thee,
" Armies of lovely lookes, and ſpeeches wiſe,
" With which thou canſt even love himſelfe to love
[entiſe."

XXXV.

The truſtie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with ſure promiſe of her good endevour
Give her great comfort and ſome hart's content;
So from her parting, ſhe thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes ſhe might, to curry favour
With th'Elfin knight, her ladies beſt beloved;
With daily ſhew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke white of his hart ſhe roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day ſhe thus him
proved.

XXXVI.

" Unhappy Knight! upon whose hopelesse state
" Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
" And cruell Heavens have heapt an heavy fate,
" I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
" In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
" In stupid sorow, sith thy iuster merit
" Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
" Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
" To thinke how this long death thou mightest dis-
[inherit."

XXXVII.

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive,
And gan to doubt least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave;
Both which to barre he with this answere met her;
" Faire Damzell! that with ruth, as I perceave,
" Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
" For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter.

XXXVIII.

" Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
" It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
" The storme of Fortune's frowne or Heaven's threat,
" Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
" Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare;
" For though this cloud have now me overcast,
" Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
" And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
" Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

XXXIX.

" But what ſo ſtonie mind," ſhe then replyde,
" But if in his owne powre occaſion lay,
" Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
" And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
" Unworthy ſure," quoth he, " of better day,
" That will not take the offer of good hope,
" And eke purſew, if he attaine it may."
Which ſpeaches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhope:

XL.

" Then why doeſt not, thou ill-advized man,
" Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
" And try if thou by faire entreatie can
" Move Radigund? who though ſhe ſtill have worne
" Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
" Of beares and tygres, nor ſo ſalvage mynded,
" As that albe all love of men ſhe ſcorne,
" She yet forgets that ſhe of men was kynded;
" And ſooth oft ſeene that proudeſt harts baſe love [hath blynded."

XLI.

" Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
Sayd he, " nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
" I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
" For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
" That ſhe a queene, and come of princely kynd,
" Both worthie is for to be ſewd unto,
" Chiefely by him whoſe life her law doth bynd,
" And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
" And als of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto:

XLII.

" But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
" From ſeeking favour where it doth abound
" Which if I might by your good office get,
" I to yourſelfe ſhould reſt for ever bound,
" And ready to deſerve what grace I found."
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but unſound
And not well faſtned, would not ſtrike him ſtrayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaſure to awayt.

XLIII.

But, fooliſh Mayd! whyles heedleſſe of the hooke
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through ſlipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confuſion;
For ſeeking thus to ſalve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceived cloſe in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his cauſeleſſe ſmart.

XLIV.

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to himſelfe, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtreſſe ſhold have knowledge gayned,
But to herſelfe it ſecretly retayned
Within the cloſet of her covert breſt;
The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
Yet to awayt fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fairely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts unreſt.

XLV.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her love's ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart;
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it overpaſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wypt to freſh her blood;
Tho gan ſhe tell her all that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe ſought his love for to have wonne:

XLVI.

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine,
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a leſſon as to love againe;
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waſt,
Then his foe's love or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plaſt.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceived,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe-borne thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lid's fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall:
Nathleſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan
entreat:

XLVIII.

“ What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
“ That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
“ Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paines,
“ And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
“ With which he dares our offers thus deſpize:
“ Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
“ And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
“ I will awhile with his firſt folly beare,
“ Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more
[neare.

XLIX.

“ Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
“ Leave nought unpromiſt that may him perſwade,
“ Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
“ With which the gods themſelves are mylder made:
“ Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
“ The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
“ With which in caſe thou canſt him not invade,
“ Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heavy arme:
“ Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe
[with harme.

L.

“ Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
“ For I him find to be too proudly fed:
“ Give him more labour, and with ſtreighter law,
“ That he with worke may be forwearied:
“ Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
“ That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
“ And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
“ Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
“ And let whatever he deſires be him denide.

LI.

" When thou haſt all this doen, then bring me newes
" Of his demeane; thenceforth not like a lover,
" But like a rebell ſtout I will him uſe;
" For I reſolve this ſiege not to give over
" Till I the conqueſt of my will recover."
So ſhe departed full of griefe and ſdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her;
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Unto the priſon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII.

There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay,
In which ſhe meant him wareleſſe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray:
So cunningly ſhe wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her ladie, and herſelfe withall,
And eke the knight, attonce ſhe bid betray;
But moſt the knight, whom ſhe with guilefull call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurſe, which fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food meant for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herſelfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, ſo for want of nourture ſpoyld;
Even ſo Clarinda her owne dame beguyld,
And turn'd the truſt which was in her affyde
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward breſt, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that ſhe it ſought to cover and to hyde.

LIV.

For comming to this knight, ſhe purpoſe fayned,
How earneſt ſuit ſhe earſt for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned,
But by no meanes could her thereto perſwade,
But that inſtead thereof ſhe ſternely bade
His miſerie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathleſſe ſhe for his love forbore;
So praying him t' accept her ſervice evermore.

LV.

And more then that, ſhe promiſt that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for ſuch her curteſie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie
Promiſt, if ſhe would free him from that caſe,
He wold by all good means he might deſerve ſuch [grace.

LVI.

So daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne abſent love to be untrew;
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her falſe hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye;
Therefore unto her miſtreſſe, moſt unkind,
She daily told her love he did defye,
And him ſhe told her dame his freedome did denye.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhow,
That his ſcarſe diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his love mote grow;
Yet to her dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friended,
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned,
Which in another Canto will be beſt contayned.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegal's mishap;
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I.

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will,
That all his former praise doth fowly spill;
But he the man that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

II.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved,
Whose character in th' adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraved,
That no new love's impression ever could
Bereave it thence; such blot his honour blemish should.

III.

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarce ſo conceived in her iealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his balefull ſmart
In woman's bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was ſought:
For after that the utmoſt date aſſynde
For his returne ſhe waited had for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtfull mynde
A thouſand feares, that love-ſicke fancies faine to fynde.

IV.

Sometime ſhe feared leaſt ſome hard miſhap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous queſt;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares oppreſt;
But moſt ſhe did her troubled mynd moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with iealous feare,
Leaſt ſome new love had him from her poſſeſt;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no ill did heare,
To thinke of him ſo ill, yet could ſhe not forbeare.

V.

One while ſhe blam'd herſelfe, another whyle
She him condemn'd as truſtleſſe and untrew;
And then her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew:
For houres but dayes; for weekes that paſſed were
She told but moneths, to make them ſeeme more few;
Yet when ſhe reckned them ſtill drawing neare,
Each hour did ſeeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

VI.

But whenas yet ſhe ſaw him not returne
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeeke him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerve that turne
As her owne ſelfe, to eaſe herſelfe of dout.
Now ſhe deviz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant knights to ſeeke her errant knight;
And then againe reſolv'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe ladies lapped in delight;
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did [ſpight.

VII.

One day whenas ſhe long had ſought for eaſe
In every place, and every place thought beſt,
Yet found no place that could her liking pleaſe,
She to a window came, that opened weſt,
Towards which coaſt her love his way addreſt;
There looking forth, ſhe in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unreſt,
And ſent her winged thoughts, more ſwift then wind,
To beare unto her love the meſſage of her mind.

VIII.

There, as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpide
One comming towards her with haſty ſpeede;
Well weend ſhe then, ere him ſhe plaine deſcride,
That it was one ſent from her love indeede;
Who when he nigh approacht, ſhee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would ſhe ſtay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings ſomme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, ſhe begun;
" And where is he thy lord? and how far hence?
" Declare at once: and hath he loſt or wun?"
The yron man, albe he wanted fe..ce
And ſorrowes feeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great ſuſpence,
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himſelfe it ſpake.

X.

Till ſhe againe thus ſayd; " Talus, be bold,
" And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
" That from thy tongue thy heart's intent doth hold."
To whom he thus at length; " The tidings ſad,
" That I would hide, will needs I ſee be rad.
" My lord (your love) by hard miſhap doth lie
" In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad."
" Ay me," quoth ſhe, " what wicked deſtinie!
" And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemy?"

XI.

" Not by that tyrant, his intended foe,
" But by a tyranneſſe," he then replide,
" That him captived hath in hapleſſe woe."
" Ceaſe thou, bad newes-man; badly doſt thou hide
" Thy maiſter's ſhame, in harlots bondage tide;
" The reſt myſelfe too readily can ſpell."
With that in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide,
Forcing in vaine the reſt to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like ſolitary cell.

XII.

There ſhe began to make her moanefull plaint
Againſt her knight for being ſo untrew,
And him to touch with falſhood's fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame herſelfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a ſtraunger's love ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtraunge ſhe never knew;
And evermore ſhe did him ſharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

XIII.

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt;
And then againe ſhe did herſelfe torment,
Inflicting on herſelfe his puniſhment.
Awhile ſhe walkt and chauft; awhile ſhe threw
Herſelfe uppon her bed, and did lament;
Yet did ſhe not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe ſighes and ſingulfes [few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe ſounder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelfe to weepe,
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſe's might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhriekes, for fell deſpight;
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing,
Now ſeeking darkeneſſe, and now ſeeking light,
Then craving ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing:
Such was this ladies fit in her love's fond accuſing.

XV.

But when ſhe had with ſuch unquiet fits
Herſelfe there cloſe afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine,
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cauſe of Artegal's detaine,
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?

XVI.

"Ah! wellaway!" ſayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in ſtate to woo,
"But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
"Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
"But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth ſhe, "ere-while aright,
"That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
"Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
"Since that he was not forſt, nor overcome in fight?"

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captivance ſad,
In ſort as ye have heard the ſame of late;
All which when ſhe with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad
With ſodaine ſtounds of wrath and grief attone,
Ne would abide till ſhe had aunſwere made;
But ſtreight herſelfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her ſteede bad Talus guide her on.

XVIII.

So forth ſhe rode uppon her ready way
To ſeeke her knight, as Talus her did guide;
Sadly ſhe rode, and never word did ſay,
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aſide,
But ſtill right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felneſſe of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that woman's pride
Which had her lord in her baſe priſon pent,
And ſo great honour with ſo fowle reproch had blent.

XIX.

So as ſhe thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunſt to meete, toward the even-tide,
A knight that ſoftly paced on the plaine,
As if himſelfe to ſolace he were faine:
Well ſhot in yeares he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needleſſe trouble to conſtraine,
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
As by his modeſt ſemblant, that no evill ment.

XX.

He comming neare gan gently her ſalute
With curteous words, in the moſt comely wize,
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then ſhe kindneſſe would deſpize,
She would herſelfe diſpleaſe ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light, [light:
And many things demaund, to which ſhe anſwer'd

XXI.

For little liſt had ſhe to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gave none other place: which when as hee
By outward ſignes (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to uſe lothfull ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady dampe had dimd the heaven's reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cauſe em-
[peach.

XXII.

The championeſſe, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good requeſt,
And with him went without gaine-ſaying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoone arriving, they received were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt;
For he their hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleaſant things, the night away to weare.

XXIII.

Thus paſſing th'evening well, till time of reſt,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have undreſt;
But ſhe ne would undreſſed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much beſought;
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſayd, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike weedes till ſhe revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong upon a mortall foe,
Which ſhe would ſure performe, betide her wele or wo.

XXIV.

Which when her host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment;
Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe-grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved,
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved.

XXV.

" Ye guilty Eyes," sayd she, " the which with guyle
" My heart at first betrayed, will ye betray
" My life now too, for which a little whyle
" Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
" I wote when ye did watch both night and day
" Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
" Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
" Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
" To thinke of your night's want, that should yee [waking keepe."

XXVI.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease,
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully,
Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

XXVII.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall;
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment,
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber, at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her
[bound.

XXIX.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight;
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight;
They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t'abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

XXXII.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight,
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour, by that warlike kind
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three ſonnes, all three like father's ſonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſſe wonnes,
The eldeſt of the which was ſlaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whoſe untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treaſons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cankred hate;

XXXIV.

For ſure he weend that this his preſent gueſt
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine,
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with Artegall remaine,
And therefore ment him ſurely to have ſlaine;
But by God's grace and her good heedineſſe,
She was preſerved from that traytrous traine.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſſe,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleepe her eye-lids to oppreſſe.

XXXV.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning houre
Diſcovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yſſew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family;
And comming down to ſeeke them where they wond,
Nor ſire, nor ſonnes, nor any could ſhe ſpie;
Each rowme ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether nether kond.

XXXVI.

She ſaw it vaine to make there lenger ſtay,
But tooke her ſteed, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſſe unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſaw there preſent in her ſight
Thoſe too falſe brethren on that perillous bridge
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight:
Streight was the paſſage, like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall o'er the [lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did thinke themſelves on her to wreake,
Who as ſhe nigh unto them drew, the one
Theſe vile reproches gan unto her ſpeake;
" Thou recreant falſe Traytor! that with lone
" Of armes haſt knighthood ſtolne, yet knight art [none,
" No more ſhall now the darkeneſſe of the night
" Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
" But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
" Of Guizor, by thee ſlaine, and murdred by thy ſlight."

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
Yet ſtayd ſhe not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge ſhe came, and there
Talus deſir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcared;
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glauncing ſparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a ſilver cenſer ſparkle bright.

XXXIX.

She ſtayd not to adviſe which way to take,
But putting ſpurres unto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Uppon her ſpeare ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Till to the bridge's further end ſhe paſt,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaſt;
The other over ſide the bridge ſhe caſt
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly laſt.

XL.

As when the flaſhing levin haps to light
Upon two ſtubborne oakes, which ſtand ſo neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in ſight,
The engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'one from the earth, and thro' the aire doth beare,
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one ſide, and from his rootes doth reare;
So did the championeſſe thoſe two there ſtrow,
And to their ſire their carcaſſes left to beſtow.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis church,
Where shee strange visions sees;
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define; [plore
For th'hevens themselves, whence mortal men im-
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly common-weale,
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That Iustice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place,
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Aegyptian kings that whylome were,
With fayned colours shading a true case,
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

III.

His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of iustice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently;
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart,
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd,
And on their heads, with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich mitres shaped like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend,
Likeas Osyris signifies the sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

V.

The championesse them greeting as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led,
Whose goodly building when she did behold
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workman's passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red,
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VI.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of ſilver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of ſilver twine;
Uppon her head ſhe wore a crowne of gold,
To ſhew that ſhe had powre in things divine,
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foote was ſet uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other faſt did ſtand,
So meaning to ſuppreſſe both forged guile
And open force; and in her other hand
She ſtretched forth a long white ſclender wand.
Such was the goddeſſe; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herſelfe uppon the land
She did proſtrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herſelfe her ſilent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward ſhew her inward ſence defining,
Who well perceiving how her wand ſhe ſhooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcaſt,
And ioyous light the houſe of Iove forſooke,
Which when ſhe ſaw, her helmet ſhe unlaſte,
And by the altar's ſide herſelfe to ſlumber plaſte.

IX.

For other beds the prieſts there uſed none,
But on their mother Earth's deare lap did lie,
And bake their ſides uppon the cold hard ſtone,
T'enure themſelves to ſufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious fleſh to mortify;
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to ſtedfaſt chaſtity
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taſte of fleſhly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they ſay is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants, which were ſlaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine;
For which the Earth (as they the ſtory tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her ſonnes which gainſt them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did againſt them ſwell:

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant boſome, forth ſhe brought
The fruitfull vine, whoſe liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre againſt the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that ſame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reſtraine,
Ne within Reaſon's rule her madding mood containe.

XII.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night,
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight;
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senceless sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII.

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifize
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed,
And linnen stole, after those priestes guize;
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold,
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midst of her felicity
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground, which kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Under the idol's feete in fearleſſe bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible diſmay,
As being troubled with that ſtormy ſtowre,
And gaping greedy wide, did ſtreight devoure
Both flames and tempeſt; with which growen great,
And ſwolne with pride of his owne peereleſſe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewiſe to eat,
But that the goddeſſe with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleſſe meeke,
Himſelfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to ſeeke;
Which ſhe accepting, he ſo neare her drew,
That of his game ſhe ſoone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That ſhortly did all other beaſts ſubdew:
With that ſhe waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully diſmayd through that ſo uncouth ſight.

XVII.

So thereuppon long while ſhe muſing lay,
With thouſand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
Untill ſhe ſpide the lampe of lightſome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie;
Then up ſhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the prieſtes ſhe found full buſily
About their holy things for morrow mas,
Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire reſaluted was.

XVIII.

But by the change of her uncheárefull locke
They might perceive ſhe was not well in plight,
Or that ſome penſiveneſs to heart ſhe tooke;
Therefore thus one of them, who ſeem'd in ſight
To be the greateſt and the graveſt wight,
To her beſpake; " Sir Knight, it ſeemes to me
" That thorough evill reſt of this laſt night,
" Or ill apayd or much diſmayd ye be;
" That by your change of cheare is eaſie for to ſee."

XIX.

" Certes," ſayd ſhe, " ſith ye ſo well have ſpide
" The troublous paſſion of my penſive mind,
" I will not ſeeke the ſame from you to hide,
" But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
" Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
" Say on," quoth he, " the ſecret of your hart;
" For by the holy vow which me doth bind,
" I am adiur'd beſt counſell to impart
" To all that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart."

XX.

Then gan ſhe to declare the whole diſcourſe
Of all that viſion which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourſe:
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake fainte-hearted man he fared
Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange ſight,
And with long locks up-ſtanding ſtifly, ſtared
Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright;
So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight:

XXI.

"Magnificke Virgin! that in queint diſguiſe
"Of Britiſh armes doeſt maſke thy royall blood,
"So to purſue a perillous emprize,
"How couldſt thou weene through that diſguized hood
"To hide thy ſtate from being underſtood?
"Can from th' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
"They doe thy linage, and thy lordly brood,
"They doe thy ſire lamenting ſore for thee,
"They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome ſee.

XXII.

"The end whereof, and all the long event,
"They do to thee in this ſame dreame diſcover;
"For that ſame crocodile doth repreſent
"The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
"Like to Oſyris in all iuſt endever:
"For that ſame crocodile Oſyris is,
"That under Iſis' feete doth ſleepe for ever,
"To ſhew that clemence oft in things amis
"Reſtraines thoſe ſterne beheſts and cruell doomes of [his.

XXIII.

"That knight ſhall all the troublous ſtormes aſſwage,
"And raging flames, that many foes ſhall reare
"To hinder thee from the iuſt heritage
"Of thy ſire's crowne, and from thy countrey deare;
"Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
"And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme,
"And afterwardes a ſonne to him ſhalt beare,
"That lion-like ſhall ſhew his powre extreame.
"So bleſſe thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy
dreame."

XXIV.

All which when ſhe unto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe prieſts beſtowed rich reward,
And royall gifts, of gold and ſilver wrought,
She for a preſent to their goddeſſe brought:
Then taking leave of them, ſhe forward went
To ſeeke her love, where he was to be ſought,
Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as ſhe was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confuſed in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now ſhe
Had long ſurceaſt, ſhe bad to open bold,
That ſhe the face of her new foe might ſee;
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had ſlaine, ſhe bad them forth [to hold.

XXVI.

So there without the gate, as ſeemed beſt,
She cauſed her pavilion be pight,
In which ſtout Britomart herſelfe did reſt,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewiſe they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe;
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie ſleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe:

XXVII.

And caused ſtreight a trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warne her foe to battell ſoone be preſt,
Who long before awoke (for ſhe full ill
Could ſleepe all night, that in unquiet breſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a icalous gueſt)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftſoones that warriourefſe with haughty creſt
Did forth iſſue, all ready for the fight;
On th'other ſide her foe appeared ſoone in ſight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ſtreight conditions to propound,
With which ſhe uſed ſtill to tye her fone
To ſerve her ſo as ſhe the reſt had bound;
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frownd
For high diſdaine of ſuch indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them ſound;
For her no other termes ſhould ever tie
Then what preſcribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins ſmot;
Ne either ſought the other's ſtrokes to ſhun,
But through great fury both their ſkill forgot,
And practicke uſe in armes; ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without ſtaine or ſpot,
For other uſes then they them tranſlated,
Which they now hackt and hewd, as if ſuch uſe they hated.

XXX.

As wher a tygre and a lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe,
But firſt the tygre clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond;
To which the lion ſtrongly doth gaineſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt tooke in hond,
And therefore ought it have wherever ſhe it fond:

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully ſore,
Which Britomart withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the graſſie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their ſides did flow,
And guſhed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did ſtrow,
Like fruitles ſeede, of which untimely death ſhould grow.

XXXII.

At laſt proud Radigund, with fell deſpight,
Having by chaunce eſpide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding ſaid; " This token beare
" Unto the man whom thou doeſt love ſo deare,
" And tell him for his ſake thy life thou gaveſt."
Which ſpitefull words ſhe, ſore engriev'd to heare,
Thus anſwer'd; " Lewdly thou my love depraveſt,
" Who ſhortly muſt repent that now ſo vainely braveſt."

XXXIII.

Nath'leſſe that ſtroke ſo cruell paſſage found,
That glauncing on her ſhoulder plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grieſly wound,
That ſhe her ſhield through raging ſmart of it
Could ſcarſe uphold, yet ſoone ſhe it requit;
For having force increaſt through furious paine,
She her ſo rudely on the helmet ſmit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud perſon low proſtrated on the plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britoneſſe
Stayd not till ſhe came to herſelfe againe,
But in revenge both of her love's diſtreſſe
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And alſo of her wound, which ſore did paine,
She with one ſtroke both head and helmet cleft;
Which dreadfull ſight when all her warlike traine
There preſent ſaw, each one, of ſence bereft,
Fled faſt into the towne, and her ſole victor left:

XXXV.

But yet ſo faſt they could not home retrate,
But that ſwift Talus did the formoſt win,
And preſſing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous ſlaughter did begin,
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did threſh ſo thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous ſtorme, which nothing may em-
peach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conquereſſe
Herſelfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow ſhe did profeſſe,
Yet when ſhe ſaw the heapes which he did make
Of ſlaughtred carkaſſes, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almoſt rive,
That ſhe his fury willed him to ſlake,
For elſe he ſure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of ſpirite would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho when ſhe had his execution ſtayd,
She for that yron priſon did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd,
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire;
Where when ſhe ſaw that lothly uncouth ſight
Of men diſguiz'd in womaniſhe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe deſpight
Of ſo unmanly maſke in miſery miſdight.

XXXVIII.

At laſt whenas to her owne love ſhe came,
Whom like diſguize no leſſe deformed had,
At ſight thereof abaſht with ſecrete ſhame,
She turnd her head aſide, as nothing glad
To have beheld a ſpectacle ſo ſad,
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Iealous ſuſpect as true untruely drad;
Which vaine conceipt now nouriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſalve his ſad misfortunes ſore.

XXXIX

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares.

XL.

" Ah! my deare Lord! what sight is this?" quoth she,
" What May-game hath Misfortune made of you?
" Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
" Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
" In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
" Could ought on earth so wondrous change have [wrought,
" As to have robde you of that manly hew?
" Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
" Then farewell fleshly force, I see thy pride is nought."

XLI.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight,
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble knight
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune favourd her successe in fight,
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale,
During which space she there as princes rained;
And changing all that forme of common-weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt, and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true iustice deale,
That all they as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring;

XLIII.

For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee;
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall;
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
Uppon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe,
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventure's priefe,
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV.

There ſhe continu'd for a certaine ſpace,
Till through his want her woe did more increaſe;
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and ſorrow ſomewhat eaſe,
She parted thence, her anguiſh to appeaſe:
Meane while her noble lord, Sir Artegall,
Went on his way, ne ever howre did ceaſe,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall;
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

BOOK V. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They ſlay the Soudan; drive his wiſe
Adicia to deſpaire.

I.

NOUGHT under heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſence of man, and all his minde poſſeſſe,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repreſſe,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſſe,
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſſe,
That can with melting pleaſaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewiſh ſwaine,
Each of whoſe lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his ſpoiles before his leman's traine;
So alſo did that great Oetean knight
For his love's ſake his lion's ſkin undight;
And ſo did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's ſight:
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aſpect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

III.

Yet could it not ſterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from ſuite of his avowed queſt,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane,
But left his love (albe her ſtrong requeſt)
Faire Britomart, in languor and unreſt,
And rode himſelfe uppon his firſt intent;
Ne day nor night did ever idly reſt,
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunſt far off to heed
A damzell flying on a palfrey faſt
Before two knights, that after her did ſpeed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaſt,
In hope to have her overhent at laſt;
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghaſt,
With locks all looſe, and rayment all to rent,
And ever as ſhe rode her eye was backeward bent.

V.

Soone after theſe he ſaw another knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace
With ſpeare in reſt, and prickt with all his might;
So ran they all as they had bene at bace,
They being chaſed that did others chace:
At length he ſaw the hindmoſt overtake
One of thoſe two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to ſlake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and anſwere make.

VI.

But th'other ſtill purſu'd the fearefull mayd,
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did flie,
Ne once for ought her ſpeedy paſſage ſtayd,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpie
Sir Artegall, to whom ſhe ſtreight did hie
With gladfull haſt, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enimy;
Who ſeeing her approch, gan forward ſet
To ſave her from her feare, and him from force to let.

VII.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpeare him quight have over-went:
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met; but Artegall was ſtronger,
And better ſkild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his ſaddle, longer
Then two ſpeares length; ſo miſchiefe overmatcht the
[wronger:

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him miſtooke,
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke aſunder broke,
And left there dead: meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body braſt;
Whom leaving there in that diſpiteous plight,
He ran ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
His other fellow pagan, which before him paſt.

IX.

Inſtead of whom finding there ready preſt
Sir Artegall, without diſcretion
He at him ran with ready ſpeare in reſt;
Who ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
Againſt him made againe; ſo both anon
Together met, and ſtrongly either ſtrooke,
And broke their ſpeares; yet neither has forgon
His horſe's backe, yet to and fro long ſhooke,
And tottred like two towres which through a tempeſt [quooke.

X.

But when againe they had recovered ſence,
They drew their ſwords, in mind to make amends
For what their ſpeares had fayld of their pretence;
Which when the damzell, who thoſe deadly ends
Of both her foes had ſeene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in haſt, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to ſtay,
Untill they both do heare what ſhe to them will ſay.

XI.

They ſtayd their hands, when ſhe thus gan to ſpeake;
"Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus unwiſe
"Upon yourſelves another's wrong to wreake?
"I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterpriſe
"Both to redreſſe, and both redreſt likewiſe;
"Witneſſe the paynims both, whom ye may ſee
"There dead on ground: what do ye then deviſe
"Of more revenge? if more, then I am ſhee [nee."
"Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on

XII.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true as ſhe had told;
Where when they ſaw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftſoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare, each other to behold:
Tho whenas Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And, touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

XIII.

Saying, " Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
" That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus ſore,
" Suffring my hand againſt my heart to ſtray;
" Which if ye pleaſe forgive, I will therefore
" Yeeld for amends myſelfe your's evermore,
" Or whatſo penaunce ſhall by you be red."
To whom the prince; " Certes me needeth more
" To crave the ſame, whom errour ſo miſled,
" As that I did miſtake the living for the ded:

XIV.

" But ſith ye pleaſe that both our blames ſhall die,
" Amends may for the treſpaſſe ſoone be made,
" Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So can they both themſelves full eath perſwade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And ſwearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nouriſh enmity,
But either other's cauſe to maintaine mutually.

XV.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire
What were thofe knights which there on ground were
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire, [layd,
And for what caufe they chafed fo that mayd?
" Certes I wote not well," the prince then fayd,
" But by adventure found them faring fo,
" As by the way unweetingly I ftrayd,
" And lo the damzell felfe, whence all did grow,
" Of whom we may at will the whole occafion know."

XVI.

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And afked her what were thofe two her fone,
From whom fhe earft fo faft away did flie?
And what was fhe herfelfe, fo woe begone,
And for what caufe purfu'd of them attone?
To whom fhe thus; " Then wote ye well that I
" Doe ferve a queene that not far hence doth wone,
" A princeffe of great powre and majeftie,
" Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and
[nie:

XVII.

" Her name Mercilla moft men ufe to call,
" That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
" For her great bounty knowen over all
" And foveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
" She doth fupport, and ftrongly beateth downe
" The malice of her foes which her envy,
" And at her happineffe do fret and frowne;
" Yet fhe herfelfe the more doth magnify,
" And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

" Mongſt many which maligne her happy ſtate,
" There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
" That with moſt fell deſpight and deadly hate
" Seekes to ſubvert her crowne and dignity,
" And all his powre doth thereunto apply;
" And her good knights (of which ſo brave a band
" Serves her as any princeſſe under ſky)
" He either ſpoiles, if they againſt him ſtand,
" Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

" Ne him ſufficeth all the wrong and ill
" Which he unto her people does each day,
" But that he ſeekes by trayterous traines to ſpill
" Her perſon, and her ſacred ſelfe to ſlay;
" That, O ye Heavens! defend, and turne away
" From her unto the miſcreant himſelfe,
" That neither hath religion nor fay,
" But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,
" And idoles ſerves; ſo let his idols ſerve the elfe.

XX.

" To all which cruell tyranny, they ſay,
" He is provokt, and ſtird up day and night
" By his bad wife, that hight Adicia,
" Who counſels him, through confidence of might,
" To breake all bonds of law and rules and right;
" For ſhe herſelfe profeſſeth mortall foe
" To Iuſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
" Working to all that love her deadly woe,
" And making all her knights and people to doe ſo.

XXI.

" Which my liege lady ſeeing, thought it beſt
" With that his wife in friendly wiſe to deale,
" For ſtint of ſtrife and ſtabliſhment of reſt
" Both to herſelfe and to her common-weale,
" And all forepaſt diſpleaſures to repeale;
" So me in meſſage unto her ſhe ſent,
" To treat with her by way of enterdeale
" Of finall peace and faire attonement,
" Which might concluded be by mutuall conſent.

XXII.

" All times have wont ſafe paſſage to afford
" To meſſengers that come for cauſes iuſt,
" But this proud dame diſdayning all accord,
" Not onely into bitter termes forth bruſt,
" Reviling me, and rayling as ſhe luſt,
" But, laſtly, to make proofe of utmoſt ſhame,
" Me like a dog ſhe out of dores did thruſt,
" Miſcalling me by many a bitter name,
" That never did her ill, ne once deſerved blame.

XXIII.

" And, laſtly, that no ſhame might wanting be,
" When I was gone, ſoone after me ſhe ſent
" Theſe two falſe knights, whom there ye lying ſee,
" To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent;
" But thankt be God and your good hardiment,
" They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So ſaid this damzell, that hight Samient,
And to thoſe knights for their ſo noble ayd [payd.
Herſelfe moſt gratefull ſhewd, and heaped thanks re-

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard and ſeene
All thoſe great wrongs the which that mayd com-
To have bene done againſt her lady queene [plained
By that proud dame, which her ſo much diſdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained
With all their force to worke avengement ſtrong
Uppon the Souldan ſelfe which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all thoſe knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

But thinking beſt by counterfet diſguiſe
To their deſeigne to make the eaſier way,
They did this complot twixt themſelves deviſe;
Firſt that Sir Artegall ſhould him array
Like one of thoſe two knights which dead there lay,
And then that damzell, the ſad Samient,
Should as his purchaſt prize with him convay
Unto the Souldan's court, her to preſent
Unto his ſcornefull lady, that for her had ſent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th'armour of a pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquiſht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldan's right;
Where ſoone as his proud wife of her had ſight,
Forth of her window as ſhe looking lay,
She weened ſtreight it was her paynim knight
Which brought that damzell as his purchaſt pray,
And ſent to him a page that mote direct his way:

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed pla e,
Offred his ſervice to diſarme the knight;
But he refuſing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be diſcovered by his light,
Kept himſelfe ſtill in his ſtraunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the prince arrived there,
And ſending to the Souldan in deſpight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That damſell whom he held as wrongfull priſonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan, all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning moſt blaſphemiouſly,
Commaunded ſtraight his armour to be brought,
And mounting ſtraight upon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell ſteedes which he had fed
With fleſh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He ſlaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beaſtes for provender did ſpred:

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burniſht with bloudie ruſt, whiles on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte,
In gliſtering armes right goodly well beſeene,
That ſhone as bright as doth the heaven ſheene;
And by his ſtirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his page's part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord, to th'end
He ſhould his flaile to finall execution bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan with preſumptuous cheare,
And countenance ſublime and inſolent,
Sought onely ſlaughter and avengement;
But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainſt tortious powre and lawleſſe regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cauſe's truth he truſted then in might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they ſay
Unto his horſes gave his gueſts for meat,
Till he himſelfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his ſharpe wheeles in his firſt rage's heat,
Or under his fierce horſes feet have borne,
And trampled downe in duſt his thoughts diſdained [ſcorne:

XXXII.

But the bold child that perill well eſpying,
If he too raſhly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horſes ſpeedie flying,
And their reſiſtleſſe rigour did eſchew;
Yet as he paſſed by, the pagan threw
A ſhivering dart with ſo impetuous force,
That had he not it ſhunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himſelf transfixed or his horſe,
Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorſe.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope ſome ſtroke to faſten on him neare,
But he was mounted in his ſeat ſo high,
And his wing-footed courſers him did beare
So faſt away, that ere his readie ſpeare
He could advance, he farre was gone and paſt;
Yet ſtill he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt,
So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

XXXIV.

Againe the pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant ſtore
On every ſide of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
Which warlike uſes had deviz'd of yore;
The wicked ſhaft, guyded through th'ayrie wyde
By ſome bad ſpirit that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriven ſide.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the welſpring of his blood,
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood;
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntſman's hand,
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenſt himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he ſought t'approch unto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as faſt to fly;
And eke his ſteeds, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traſt and traverſt to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make ſome breach,
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach;
At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The vaile which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his horſes vew,
As they upon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightening flaſh that hath the gazer burned,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe upon themſelves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away;
Ne could the Souldan them from flying ſtay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew;
Nought feared they what he could do or ſay,
But th'onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deer diſmayfully they flew.

XXXIX.

Faſt did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High over hiles and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the pagan bannes, and ſw ares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The reſty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they liſt; their guide they have for-
[lore.

XL.

As when the firie-mouthed ſteedes, which drew
The ſunnes bright wayne to Phaëton's decay,
Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion vew,
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull ſight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well-knowen courſes they forwent,
And leading th'ever burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI.

Such was the furie of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
Soone as the infant's ſunlike ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcornd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines, they did
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare, [draw
And toſt the paynim without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

XLII.

Yet ſtill the prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind:
At laſt they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topſide turvey, and the pagan hound
Amongſt the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd upon the greene.

XLIII.

Like as the curſed ſonne of Theſeus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his ſtepdame's love outrageous,
Of his own ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne,
That for his ſake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne;
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV.

Onely his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruſd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtorie ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily by Heaven's high decree
Iuſtice that day of Wrong herſelfe had wroken,
That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree before the tyrant's dore
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore:
Which when his ladie from the castle's hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright;
Yet not as women wont, in dolefull fitt,
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
That brought her backe; and comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husband's murdred infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brother's bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother mongst the rout
Of Bacchus' priests her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mænades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that damzell there.

XLVIII.

But Artegall being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruell hand ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did herſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:
With that like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
With franticke paſſion and with furie fraught,
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt that commeth in her path;
There they doe ſay that ſhe transformed was
Into a tigre, and that tygres ſcath
In crueltie and outrage ſhe did pas,
To prove her ſurname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

L.

Then Artegall himſelfe diſcovering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part, and to the Souldan lout;
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard ſhame,
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then caus'd he the gates be opened wyde:
And there the prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay:
So both for rest there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another song.

BOOK V. CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth diſmay;
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And ſee her rich array.

I.

WHAT tygre or what other ſalvage wight
Is ſo exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itſelfe with might?
Not fit mongſt men that doe with reaſon mell,
But mongſt wyld beaſts and ſalvage woods to dwell,
Where ſtill the ſtronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that moſt in boldneſſe doe excell
Are dreadded moſt, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II.

There let her wonne farre from reſort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beaſts may be of her deſpoyled:
And turne we to the noble prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly ſubverted his unrighteous ſtate.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegall a ſpace
Well ſolaſt in that Souldan's late delight,
They both reſolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein, behight
Unto that damzell in her ladies right,
And ſo would have departed on their way;
But ſhe them woo'd by all the meanes ſhe might,
And earneſtly beſought to wend that day
With her, to ſee her ladie, thence not farre away.

IV.

By whoſe entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
As often falles, of ſundry things did commen;
Mongſt which that damzell did to them bewray
A ſtraunge adventure which not farre thence lay,
To weet, a wicked villaine bold and ſtout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get [it out.

V.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, ſhe ſayd,
And eke the faſtneſſe of his dwelling place,
Both unaſſaylable, gave him great ayde;
For he ſo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So ſmooth of tongue, and ſubtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face;
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

VI.

Through these his flights he many doth confound;
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous ſtrong, and hewen farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell,
But ſome doe ſay it goeth downe to hell;
And all within it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that ſcarſe an hound by ſmell
Can follow out thoſe falſe footſteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

VII.

Which when thoſe knights had heard, their hearts gan
To underſtand that villein's dwelling place, [earne
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
" Were not," ſayd ſhe, " that it ſhould let your pace
" Towards my ladies preſence by you ment,
" I would you guyde directly to the place."
" Then let not that," ſaid they, " ſtay your intent,
" For neither will one foot till we that carle have hent."

VIII.

So forth they paſt, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the villain's won;
Which when the damzell neare at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
Gan to advize what beſt were to be done:
So both agreed to ſend that mayd afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayſing pittifull uprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her af-
[fected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have;
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curl'd locks, that downe his shoulders shag-
[ged,
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and iag-
[ged.

XI.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke,
And ever round about he cast his looke;
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

XII.

Him when the damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So ugly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride;
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade
To baniſh feare, and with Sardonian ſmyle
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herſelf unwares he might her ſteale the [whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay;
So did the villanie to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant trickes before her ſhow,
To turne her eyes from his intent away;
For he in ſlights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the myſteries did know.

XIV.

To which whileſt ſhe lent her intentive mind,
He ſuddenly his net upon her threw,
That overſprad her like a puffe of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoone up, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud; but whenas ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did fly.

XV.

But Artegall him after did pursew,
The whiles the prince there kept the entrance still:
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will,
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
To follow him, for he was swift in chace:
He him pursewd wherever that he went,
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place,
Whereso he fled, he followd him apace,
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne,
But he him hunted like a foxe full fast;
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of flights;
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw;
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

XIX.

But whenas he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
So did deceipt the selfe deceiver fayle:
There they him left a carrion outcast,
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

XX.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
To see her ladie, as they did agree;
To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
" Loe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye bee
" Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see;
" There shall ye see my soverayne lady queene,
" Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
" That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
" Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene."

XXI.

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
The prayſes of that prince ſo manifold,
And paſſing litle further, commen were
Where they a ſtately pallace did behold
Of pompous ſhow, much more then ſhe had told,
With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright gliſtering with gold,
That ſeemed to out-ſhine the dimmed ſkye,
And with their brightneſſe daz'd the ſtraunge beholders [eye.

XXII.

There they alighting, by that damzell were
Directed in, and ſhewed all the ſight;
Whoſe porch, that moſt magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night,
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That ſate thereby, with gyant-like reſemblance,
To keepe out Guyle, and Malice, and Deſpight,
That under ſhew oft-times of fayned ſemblance,
Are wont in princes courts to worke great ſcath and [hindrance:

XXIII.

His name was Awe, by whom they paſſing in,
Went up the Hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyſe, as if that there were ſome
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome;
By whom they paſſing through the thickeſt preaſſe,
The marſhall of the Hall to them did come,
His name hight Order, who commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their cla-
mors ceaſſe.

XXIV.

They ceaſt their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom ſeeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to ſee, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never ſaw they there the like array,
Ne ever was the name of warre there ſpoken,
But ioyous peace and quietneſſe alway,
Dealing iuſt iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

XXV.

There as they entred, at the ſcriene they ſaw
Some one whoſe tongue was for his treſpaſſe vyle
Nayld to a poſt, adiudged ſo by law,
For that therewith he falſely did revyle,
And foule blaſpheme that queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold ſpeaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himſelfe had taken, and rayling rymes had ſprad.

XXVI.

Thus there he ſtood, whyleſt high over his head
There written was the purport of his ſin
In cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
Bonfons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in;
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked ſclaunders by him ſhed.

XXVII.

They paſſing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the preſence of that gratious queene,
Who ſate on high that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſſe price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device,
And all emboſt with lyons and with flourdelice.

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her brode-ſpreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whoſe ſkirts were bordred with bright ſunny beames,
Gliſtring like gold amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept litle angels through the glittering [gleames.

XXIX.

Seemed thoſe litle angels did uphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimbleſſe bold;
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch as ſings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne on which ſhe ſate;
She angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall ſtate, [ſtate.
Whyleſt kings and keſars at her feet did them pro-

XXX.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſoverayne maieſtie,
Holding a ſcepter in her royall hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happie land,
Maugre ſo many foes which did withſtand;
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layde,
Whoſe long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand,
Yet whenas foes enforſt, or friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternely draw, that all the world diſmayde.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet there ſate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorne her royall ſtate,
All lovely daughters of high Iove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight
Upon the righteous Themis; thoſe, they ſay,
Upon Iove's iudgment-ſeat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance ſtay.

XXXII.

They alſo doe by his divine permiſſion
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Thoſe did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iuſt Dice, wiſe Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongſt, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And ſacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly ſtrene.

XXXIII.

Thus did ſhe ſit in royall rich eſtate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whyleſt underneath her feete, there as ſhe ſate,
An huge great lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall,
With a ſtrong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he could not move nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious ſound,
And ſoftly royne, when ſalvage choler gan redound.

XXXIV.

So ſitting high in dreaded ſoverayntie,
Thoſe two ſtraunge knights were to her preſence brought,
Who bowing low before her maieſtie,
Did to her myld obeyſance, as they ought,
And meekeſt boone that they imagine mought,
To whom ſhe eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire ſtoupe of her high-ſoaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with ſome maieſtie imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright ſunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the weſterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightneſſe of his beme,
And fervour of his flames ſomewhat adaw;
So did this mightie ladie, when ſhe ſaw
Thoſe two ſtrange knights ſuch homage to her make,
Bate ſomewhat of that maieſtie and awe
That whylome wont to doe ſo many quake,
And with more myld aſpect thoſe two to entertake.

XXXVI.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base;
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard,
But at the sight of these those were awhile debard.

XXXVII.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe eftsoones she gan convert againe,
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought as prisoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface;
Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele,
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all assayes; his name was called Zele: [speach
He gan that ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured,
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

XL.

First gan he tell how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight,
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight;
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve, [dryve.
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did

XLII.

But through high Heaven's grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loial princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes:
Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes;
But false Duessa, now untitled queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame;
And with him to make part against her came
Many grave persons that against her pled:
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought that no man could refute;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High God's beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the peoples cry and commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And, lastly, Justice charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV.

But then for her on the contrarie part
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie, with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Daunger, threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of Birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And, lastly, Griefe did plead, and many teares forth [powre.

XLVI.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent;
Which whenas Zele perceiv'd to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

XLVII.

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place;
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Ate, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe;
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore;
Then brought he forth Incontinence of Lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie, her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen cleene;
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of iustice was against her bent;
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for iustice gainst the thrall.

L.

But she, whose princely breast was touched neare
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let instead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light,
The which she covering with her purple pall,
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belge for to fight;
Gerioneo's ſeneſchall
He ſlayes in Belge's right.

I.

Some clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Iuſtice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties everlaſting ſeat
She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

II.

For if that vertue be of ſo great might,
Which from iuſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated right
Oft ſpilles the principall to ſave the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeekes to ſave the ſubiect of her ſkill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayſe to ſave then ſpill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itselfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy iustice doe adore,
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

IV.

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights
Against Duessa, damned by them all,
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce;
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V.

During all which those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie paterns of her clemencies,
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI.

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two ſpringals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To ſeeke for ſuccour of her and of her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares,
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a ſtrong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children ruefully, alas!

VII.

Her name was Belge, who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even ſeventeene goodly ſonnes, which who had ſeene
In their firſt flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke, and their faire bloſſomes blaſted,
More happie mother would her ſurely weene
Then famous Niobe, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood;
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols ſacrifice their blood,
Whyleſt he of none was ſtopped nor withſtood:
For ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſt empight,
And th'armes and legs of three to ſuccour him in fight.

IX.

And forth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon,
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd,
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge, that Orthrus hight,
Orthrus, begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night,
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

XI.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight,
Who after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides' club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belge then did dwell,
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husband's late decesse,
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſervice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe;
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe,
Which long he uſd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelеſſe confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gave him ſoveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit;
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre up ſtrife and many a tragicke ſtowre,
Giving her deareſt children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monſter to devoure,
And ſetting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent Geryone.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppreſſing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great Mercilla call
For ayde againſt that cruell tyrant's theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft;
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes, ſhe ſent
To ſeeke for ſuccour of this ladies gieft,
To whom their ſuite they humbly did preſent
In th'hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

XV.

Amongſt the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare,
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent that enterpriſe to heare,
Nor undertake the ſame for cowheard feare,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it; then he ſtraightway
Himſelfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre,
Yet dropping freſh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his ſteede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beſeene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With thoſe two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare;
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his firſt adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad,
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyl and citties glad
In which she wont to harbour happily;
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight,
For all her other children through affray
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight;
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully,
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply:

XX.

And running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet Boyes!"
Sayd she, " yet now I gin new life to feele,
" And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
" Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight.
" Alreadie seemes that Fortune's headlong wheele
" Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
" Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him; "And you, Sir Knight,"
Said ſhe, "that taken have this toyleſome paine
"For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
"May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
"For ſo great travell as you doe ſuſtaine;
"For other meede may hope for none of mee,
"To whom nought elſe but bare life doth remaine,
"And that ſo wretched one, as ye do ſee
"Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low diſmounting from his loftie ſteede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greateſt neede;
So thence he wiſhed her with him to wend
Unto ſome place where they mote reſt and feede,
And ſhe take comfort which God now did ſend:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

"Ay me!" ſayd ſhe, "and whither ſhall I goe?
"Are not all places full of forraine powres?
"My pallaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
"My cities ſackt, and their ſky-threatning towres
"Raced and made ſmooth fields now full of flowres?
"Onely theſe mariſhes and myrie bogs,
"In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
"Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
"And harbour here in ſafety from thoſe ravenous
dogs."

XXIV.

" Nathlesse," said he, " deare Ladie! with me goe,
" Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
" If not, we will it force maugre your foe,
" And purchase it to us with speare and shield;
" And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
" The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends,
And bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him [wends.

XXV.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene,
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing per- [swade.

XXVI.

That castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th'offended Heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull Fortune frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond,
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole most untrew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this castle-greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named,
Offring to him, in sinfull sacrifice,
The flesh of men, to God's owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idol's altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth, but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee;
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrant's fee.
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a ſeneſchall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed every one,
And vanquiſhed all venturous knights in fight,
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne;
To which when now they gan approch in fight,
The ladie counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

XXXI.

Her fearefull ſpeaches nought he did regard,
But ryding ſtreight under the caſtle-wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrant's ſeneſchall;
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they would have ryven quight
Out of their breaſts with furious deſpight;
Yet could the ſeneſchal's no entrance find
Into the prince's ſhield where it empight,
So pure the metall was and well refynd,
But ſhivered all about, and ſcattered in the wynd.

XXXIII.

Not ſo the prince's; but with reſtleſſe force
Into his ſhield it readie paſſage found,
Both through his haberieon and eke his corſe,
Which tombling downe upon the ſenſeleſſe ground,
Gave leave unto his ghoſt, from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly ſwound,
And thence unto the caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might:

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares attonce on him enchace,
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment.

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder,
Who from his ſaddle ſwarved nought aſyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him which in the midſt did ryde
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
Paſt through his ſhield, and pierſt through either ſyde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feete could carry them away,
And after them the prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There whileſt they entring th'one did th'other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he over-hent,
And, as he preſſed in him there did ſlay,
His carkaſſe tumbling on the threſhold, ſent
His groning ſoule unto her place of puniſhment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured faſt
To ſperre the gate, but that ſame lumpe of clay,
Whoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt,
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the poſterne did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles the prince hard preaſed in betweene,
And entraunce wonne, ſtreight th'other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himſelfe to ſave; but he there ſlew him at the ſkreene.

XXXVIII.

Then all the reſt which in that caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a poſterne dore:
Long ſought the prince; but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what ſhe there had vewed,
And what ſhe had not ſeene within unto her ſhewed:

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting,
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved:
Thenceforth into that castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight;
Doth ſlay the monſter, and reſtore
Belge unto her right.

I.

IT often fals in courſe of common life,
That Right long time is overborne of Wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong;
But Iuſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right,
As by ſad Belge ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this brave Briton knight.

II.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belge now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his ſeneſchall low on the ground,
And eke himſelfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle unſound;
Yet ſith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himſelfe encourage and take better cheare.

III.

Natheleſſe himſelfe he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Unto the caſtle which they conquerd had;
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the caſtle-gate,
And with bold vaunts and ydle threatning bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongefull ſtate.

IV.

The prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to devize,
But opening ſtreight the ſparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize,
And aſked him if that he were the ſame
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame?
He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

V.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him ſtreight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight,
The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive,
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thriſe multiplyde,
Beſides the double ſtrength which in them was;
For ſtil when fit occaſion did betyde,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſyde,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch nimbleſſe ſly
Could wield about, that ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

VII.

Which uncouth uſe whenas the prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſlight he were unwares deceived,
And ever ere he ſaw the ſtroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withſtand.
One time when he his weapon faynd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-ſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arme as he it up did lift.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and diſdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell deſpight,
And ſodainly t'avenge himſelfe againe,
Gan into one aſſemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all;
But the ſad ſteele ſeizd not where it was hight,
Uppon the childe, but ſomewhat ſhort did fall,
And lighting on his horſe's head him quite did mall.

IX.

Downe ſtreight to ground fell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare,
But he himſelfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himſelfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have ſeene enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftſonnes againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him ſo dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his ſhield to reare,
Ere that huge ſtroke arrived on him neare,
He had him ſurely cloven quite in twaine;
But th' adamantine ſhield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no paſſage yeeld unto his purpoſe vaine.

XI.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with uncertaine ſway,
As if he would have tottered to one ſide;
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan aſſay
That curt'ſie with like kindneſſe to repay,
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away
Like fruitleſſe braunches, which the hatchet's flight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiffe through enraging heat,
And curſt, and band, and blaſphemies forth threw
Againſt his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himſelfe, with horrour great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he ſtrooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chauſe and ſweat,
And gnaſht his teeth, and his head at him ſhooke,
And ſternely him beheld with grim and ghaſtly looke.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To ſave himſelfe from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire;
For as he in his rage him over-ſtrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His ſide all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal ſteel quite through the body [ſtrooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Elſe ſhould he thriſe have needed for the nonce
Them to have ſtricken, and thriſe to have ſlaine.
So now all three one ſenceleſſe lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very Death's diſdaine,
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the houſe of Dole, his daies there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the lady from the caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſonnes did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſt herſelfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand;
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the citties wall
Uppon theſe warriours, greedy t'underſtand
To whether ſhould the victory befall,
Now when they ſaw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

XVI.

But Belge with her ſonnes proſtrated low
Before his feete in all that peoples ſight,
Mongſt ioyes mixing ſome tears, mongſt wele ſome wo,
Him thus beſpake; "O moſt redoubted Knight!
"The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,
"That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life againe,
"And theſe weake impes replanted by thy might,
"What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
"But even that which thou ſavedſt thine ſtill to re-
[maine?"

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he might,
Saying, "Deare Lady! deedes ought not be ſcand
"By th'author's manhood, nor the doer's might,
"But by their trueth and by the cauſe's right:
"That ſame is it which fought for you this day.
"What other meed then need me to requight,
"But that which yeeldeth vertue's meed alway?
"That is the vertue ſelfe, which her reward doth pay."

XVIII.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſayd, "Ah! Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
"Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore caſe,
"As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
"That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
"Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
"Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace."
"What is there elſe," ſayd he, "left of their rout?
"Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not ſtand in dout."

XIX.

"Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby
"There ſtands an idole of great note and name,
"The which this gyaunt reared firſt on hie,
"And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame,
"To whom for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame
"He offred up for daily ſacrifize
"My children and my people, burnt in flame,
"With all the tortures that he could devize,
"The more t'aggrate his god with ſuch his blouddy [guize.

XX.

"And underneath this idoll there doth lie
"An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
"And feedes on all the carkaſſes that die
"In ſacrifize unto that curſed feend,
"Whoſe ugly ſhape none ever ſaw nor kend
"That ever ſcap'd; for of a man they ſay
"It has the voice, that ſpeaches forth doth ſend
"Even blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
"Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay."

XXI.

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great deſire that monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of his abode to learne;
Which being ſhew'd, he gan himſelfe ſtreightway
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay:
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monſter underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll ſaw of maſſy gold
Moſt richly made, but there no monſter did behold.

XXII.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke,
And the third time out of an hidden ſhade
There forth iſſewd from under th' altar's ſmooke
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That ſtretcht itſelfe as it had long lyen ſtill,
And her long taile and fethers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill,
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength,
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna bace,
Or other like infernall furies kinde,
For of a mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſſe;
A lion's clawes with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A dragon's taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds whereſo it is empight;
An eagle's wings for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight.

XXV.

Much like in foulneſſe and deformity
Unto that monſter whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herſelfe for very heart's deſpight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole;
So alſo did this monſter uſe like ſlight
To many a one which came unto her ſchoole,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a foole.

XXVI.

She comming forth, whenas ſhe firſt beheld
The armed prince with ſhield ſo blazing bright
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,
That backe ſhe would have turnd for great affright;
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forſt her turne againe in her deſpight
To ſave herſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay;
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turnd her way.

XXVII.

Tho when ſhe ſaw that ſhe was forſt to fight,
She flew at him like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend;
Strongly he ſtrove out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend,
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her lion's clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloude ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeaches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell,
That even the temple, wherein ſhe was plaſt,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt;
Tho with her huge long taile ſhe at him ſtrooke,
That made him ſtagger and ſtand halfe aghaſt
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour ſhooke,
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

XXIX.

As when the maſt of ſome well-timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outragious ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whileſt ſtill ſhe ſtands asſtoniſht and forlorne;
So was he ſtound with ſtroke of her huge taile,
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her flaile.

XXX.

Then gan ſhe cry much louder then afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belge' ſelfe was therewith ſtonied ſore,
As if the onely ſound thereof ſhe feard.
But then the feend herſelfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreſeene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to [rew:

XXXI.

But as ſhe preſt on him with heavy ſway,
Under her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To iſſue forth; the which, once being bruſt,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt ugly filth, and poyſon therewith ruſht,
That him nigh chocked with the deadly ſtinke;
Such loathly matter were ſmall left to ſpeake or thinke.

XXXII.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphure fowle and blacke,
Of which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make;
Whom when he ſaw on ground he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With Belge, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame daunger drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo ioyouſly come forth,
She gan reioyce and ſhew triumphant chere,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were:
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that monſter's ſpoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd ſo coſtly dere,
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathely ſoyle.

XXXIV.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan ſhout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols ſong:
So him they led through all their ſtreetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man whoſe everlaſting praiſe
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

XXXV.

There he with Belge did awhile remaine,
Making great feaſt and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her ſettled in her raine
With ſafe aſſuraunce and eſtabliſhment;
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belge and to all the reſt,
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former iourney him addreſt,
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did reſt.

XXXVI.

But turne we now to noble Artegall,
Who having left Mercilla, ſtreightway went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchiſement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy puniſhment:
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent;
Through many perils, and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII.

There as he traveld, by the way he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long ſince aſide had ſet
The uſe of armes, and battell quite forgone;
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On fairie Irene in her affliction,
When firſt to Faery Court he ſaw her wend,
Unto his ſoveraine queene her ſuite for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name ſaluting, thus he gan;
"Haile, good Sir Sergis! trueſt knight alive,
"Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than
"When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
"What new occaſion doth thee hither drive,
"Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
"Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſurvive?"
To whom he thus; "She liveth ſure and ſound,
"But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

XXXIX.

" For ſhe, preſuming on th'appointed tyde,
" In which ye promiſt, as ye were a knight,
" To meete her at the Salvage Iland's ſyde,
" And then and there for triall of her right
" With her unrighteous enemy to fight
" Did thither come, where ſhe, afrayd of nought,
" By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
" Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
" Who her impriſond hath, and her life often ſought.

XL.

" And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
" By which if that no champion doe appeare,
" Which will her cauſe in battailous array
" Againſt him iuſtifie, and prove her cleare
" Of all thoſe crimes that he gainſt her doth reare,
" She death ſhall ſure aby." Thoſe tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved ſore that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that tyrant's hand and uſage bad.

XLI.

Then thus replide; " Now ſure, and by my life,
" Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
" That have her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
" Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,
" Which by default I have not yet defraide;
" But witneſſe unto me, ye Heavens! that know
" How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
" For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
" And kept from compliſhing the faith which I did owe.

XLII.

“ But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long ſpace
“ Hath he her lent a champion to provide.”
“ Ten daies,” quoth he, “ he graunted hath of grace,
“ For that he weeneth well before that tide
“ None can have tidings to aſſiſt her ſide;
“ For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
“ He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
“ That none can there arrive without an hoſte;
“ So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſte.”

XLIII.

“ Now turne againe,” Sir Artegall then ſayd,
“ For if I live till thoſe ten daies have end,
“ Aſſure yourſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall have ayd,
“ Though I this deareſt life for her doe ſpend.”
So backeward he attone with him did wend:
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht, the cauſe to know,
They ſaw a knight in daungerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe;
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They ſpide a lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

XLV.

Yet ſtill he ſtrives, ne any perill ſpares
To reſkue her from their rude violence,
And like a lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence,
Gainſt which the pallid death findes no defence:
But all in vaine; their numbers are ſo great
That naught may boot to baniſhe them from thence;
For ſoone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe ſo ſharpely him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſave,
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name,
For from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongſt all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endles ſhame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about,
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire;
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquere
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere?

XLIX.

To whom he thus; "My name is Burbon hight,
"Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
"Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
"That all my former praise hath blemisht sore;
"And that faire lady, which in that uprore
"Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
"Is mine own love, though me she have forlore;
"Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
"Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

L.

"But sure to me her faith she first did plight
"To be my love, and take me for her lord,
"Till that a tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
"With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
"Entyced her to him for to accord.
"O who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
"Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
"And to my foe hath guilefully consented.
"Ay me! that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

LI.

" And how he hath this troupe of villains sent
" By open force to fetch her quite away,
" Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent
" To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
" Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
" For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
" And with unequall might doe over-lay,
" That oft I driven am to great distresse,
" And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedilesse."

LII.

" But why have ye," said Artegall, " forborne
" Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?
" That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne
" Which unto any knight behappen may,
" To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame,
" That shall I unto you," quoth he, " bewray,
" Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
" And deeme it doen of will that through inforcement
[came.

LIII.

" True is that I at first was dubbed knight
" By a good knight, the Knight of the Red-crosse,
" Who when he gave me armes in field to fight,
" Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
" His deare Redeemer's badge upon the bosse;
" The same long while I bore, and therewithall
" Fought many battels without wound or losse;
" Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
" And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

LIV.

" But for that many did that ſhield envie,
" And cruell enemies increaſed more,
" To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
" That bloudie ſcutchin being battred ſore,
" I layd aſide, and have of late forbore,
" Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned,
" Yet can I not my love have nathemore ;
" For ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detayned,
" And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth miſ-
[trayned."

LV.

To whom thus Artegall : " Certes, Sir Knight,
" Hard is the caſe the which ye doe complaine,
" Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light
" That it to ſuch a ſtreight mote you conſtraine)
" As to abandon that which doth containe
" Yout honour's ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield :
" All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine,
" Then loſſe of fame in diſaventrous field :
" Dye rather then doe ought that mote diſhonour
[yeeld.

LVI.

" Not ſo," quoth he ; " for yet when time doth ſerve,
" My former ſhield I may reſume againe :
" To temporize is not from truth to ſwerve,
" Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
" Whenas neceſſitie doth it conſtraine."
" Fie on ſuch forgerie," ſaid Artegall,
" Under one hood to ſhadow faces twaine ;
" Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all ;
" Of all things to diſſemble fouly may befall."

LVII.

" Yet let me you of courteſie requeſt,"
Said Burbon, " to aſſiſt me now at need
" Againſt theſe peſants which have me oppreſt,
" And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
" That yet my love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he earſt did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftſoones unto the fight,
Did ſet upon thoſe troupes with all his powre and [might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themſelves did muſter,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luſter,
That forſt at firſt thoſe knights backe to retyre;
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt doe fly, and ſuccour doe inquyre.

LIX.

But whenas overblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like ſquirrels hunt,
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raſkall manie ſoone they overthrew,
But the two knights themſelves their captains did ſubdew.

LX.

At laſt they came whereas that ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forſaken quight
To ſave themſelves, and ſcattered were abrode;
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their ſight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their uſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But Burbon ſtreight, diſmounting from his ſteed,
Unto her ran with greedie great deſyre,
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But ſhe back-ſtarting, with diſdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when thoſe knights ſo froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded ſore.

LXII.

Sayd Artegall, " What foule diſgrace is this
" To ſo faire ladie, as ye ſeeme in ſight,
" To blot your beautie, that unblemiſht is,
" With ſo foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
" Or change of love for any world's delight?
" Is ought on earth ſo pretious or deare
" As prayſe and honour? or is ought ſo bright
" And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
" Whoſe goodly light then Phœbus' lamp doth ſhine
more cleare?

LXIII.

"Why then will ye, fond Dame! attempted bee
"Unto a ſtranger's love, ſo lightly placed,
"For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
"To leave the love that ye before embraced,
"And let your fame with falſhood be defaced?
"Fie on the pelfe for which good name is ſold,
"And honour with indignitie debaſed;
"Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
"But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold."

LXIV.

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find;
But hanging down her head with heavie cheare
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated weare;
Which Burbon ſeeing, her againe aſſayd,
And claſping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his ſteede, whiles ſhe no whit gaine-ſayd,
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV.

Nathleſſe the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raſkall many with unpittied ſpoyle,
Ne ceaſſed not till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he drove quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle;
But Artegall, ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approching faſt required ſpeed.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK V. CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing ſhield;
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlaith him in field.

I.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beaſtes reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No love ſo laſting then, that may enduren long.

II.

Witneſſe may Burbon be, whom all the bands
Which may a knight aſſure had ſurely bound,
Untill the love of lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſs and unſound:
And witneſſe be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cauſe fairé Belge did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now Grantorto, who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outra giouſneſſe

III.

'Gainſt whom Sir Artegall, long having ſince
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forſlackt; but now time drawing ny
To him aſſynd her high beheaſt to doo,
To the ſea-ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weete if ſhipping readie he mote there deſcry.

IV.

Tho when they came to the ſea-coaſt, they found
A ſhip all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to ſea, with whom they did compound
To paſſe them over where them liſt to tell:
The winde and weather ſerved them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall,
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hoſtes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But whenas nigh unto the ſhore they drew,
That foot of man might ſound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the ſea did forth iſſew, [threw;
Though darts from ſhore, and ſtones, they at him
And wading through the waves with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troupes in vew,
Did win the ſhore, whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly like doves whom th' eagle doth affray.

VI.

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight
Did forth descend, their being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight:
By this came tydings to the tyrant's eare,
By those which earst did fly away for feare
Of their arrivall, wherewith troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the shore:

VII.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sower's hand;

VIII.

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make;
To which all harkning, did awhile asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughter's sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight;

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine:
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day;
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X.

That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine,
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine,
Which none durst breake, though many would right
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare; [faine
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needful weare.

XI.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irena's death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegal's arrival her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad, and hart full sore,
Weening her life's last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

XII.

Then up ſhe roſe, and on herſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day,
And with dull countenance and with doleful ſpright
She forth was brought in ſorrowful diſmay,
For to receive the doome of her decay;
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midſt of deadly feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender roſe in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irena's countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When Artegall ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant till it was farre day:

XIV.

Who came at length with proud preſumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a ſteele-cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie-browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
Whoſe ſteale was yron-ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iuſtifie his wrong:

XV.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great ſkill in ſingle fight:
His face was ugly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could have frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſ-
[cerne.

XVI.

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held;
But th' Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like ſight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about to be in readie plight.

XVII.

The trompets ſound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent,
And their huge ſtrokes full daungerouſly beſtow,
To doe moſt dammage whereas moſt they ment;
But with ſuch force and furie violent
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesſe ſpeed;
As when a ſkilfull marriner doth reed
A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his main-ſheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

XIX.

So did the Faerie knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft his head from ſhame to ſhield;
No ſhame to ſtoupe one's head, more high to reare,
And much to gain a litle for to yield;
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field:
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did over-lade.

XX.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to ſmite him mortally,
Under his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare,
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence guſhing grievouſly,
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect;
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blow his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did ſticke ſo faſt,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could [wraſt.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and ſtrove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about;
Nathleſſe for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield undoe:
Which Artegall perceiving, ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith ſo ſore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

XXIII.

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt
He ſtroke him with Chryſaor on the hed,
That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore aghaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſted:
Againe whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother Earth he fed;
Whom when he ſaw proſtrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to eaſe him of his paine.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for ioy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrant's awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſſe,
And running all with greedie ioyfulneſſe
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe,
As their true liege and princeſſe naturall,
And eke her champions glorie ſounded over all:

XXV.

Who ſtraight her leading with meete maieſtie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne;
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That tyrant's part with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heavie payne,
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left that durſt her once have diſobayd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His ſtudie was true iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-wele:
And that ſame yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he ſent
To ſearch out thoſe that uſd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull government,
On whom he did inflict moſt grievous puniſhment.

XXVII.

But ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly
He through occaſion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of iuſtice he was forſt to ſtay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that realme for to redreſſe;
But Envies cloud ſtill dimmeth Vertue's ray:
So having freed Irena from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavineſſe.

XXVIII.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre upon the ſtrand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met
By the way-ſide, being together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt ugly caſes.

XXIX

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke aſkew,
That her miſ-ſhape much helpt, and her foule heare
Hung looſe and loathſomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew;
And as ſhe ſpake, therewith ſhe ſlavered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more the leſſe ſhe [ſed:

XXX

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught
Like puttocks clawes; with th'one of which she
Her cursed head, although it itched naught; [scratcht
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought,
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

XXXI.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily,
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall;
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monster's monsterous dyeat:

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was then shee,
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree;
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th'open wynd;
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have be- [reaved.

XXXIV.

For whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment;
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envie selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for herselfe she onely vext,
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplext.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue, full ſharpe and ſhort,
Appear'd like aſpis ſting, that cloſely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whomſo ſhe wils:
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe litle ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faynes to weave falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throw amongſt the good which others had diſprad.

XXXVII.

Theſe two now had themſelves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainſt Sir Artegall,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall,
For freeing from their ſnares Irena thrall:
Beſides unto themſelves they gotten had
A monſter, which the Blatant Beaſt men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe [lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were theſe hags, and ſo unhandſome dreſt;
Who when they nigh approching had eſpyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two ſhepheards curres had ſcryde
A ravenous wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flockes;
And Envie firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her breſt, and forhead
knockes.

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawed thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remained secretly,
And as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

XL.

Then th' other comming neare, gan him revile,
And fouly rayle with all she could invent,
Saying that he had with unmanly guile
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent;
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay,
And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine:

XLII.

And ſtill among moſt bitter wordes they ſpake
Moſt ſhamefull, moſt unrighteous, moſt untrew,
That they the mildeſt man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her that ſo falſe ſclaunders at him threw;
And more to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the ſting which in her vile tongue grew
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe;
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But Talus hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him that well deſerved,
Would her have chaſtiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preſerved,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerved:
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet he for nought would ſwerve
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courteſie.

I.

THE waies through which my weary ſteps I guyde
In this delightfull Land of Faery,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wyde,
And ſprinckled with ſuch ſweet variety
Of all that pleaſant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh raviſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby,
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and chears my dulled ſpright.

II.

Such ſecret comfort and ſuch heavenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred Imps that on Parnaſſo dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learning's threaſures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them inſuſe,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies where never foote did uſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muſe:

III.

Revele to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſilver bowre does hidden ly,
From view of men and wicked world's diſdaine;
Since it at firſt was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furſt
From heavenly ſeedes of bounty ſoveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

IV.

Amongſt them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courteſie,
Which though it on a lowly ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And ſpreds itſelfe through all civilitie;
Of which though preſent age doe plenteous ſeeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies miſdeeme:

V.

But in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eies of them that pas,
Which ſee not perfect things, but in a glas:
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blynd
The wiſeſt ſight to thinke gold that is bras;
But vertue's ſeat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward ſhows but inward thoughts de-
fynd.

VI.

But where ſhall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of princely curteſie,
As in yourſelfe, O ſoveraine Lady Queene!
In whoſe pure minde, as in a mirrour ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher fame;
Yet ſo from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soveraine!
That from yourſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourſelfe doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers ſpring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king;
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court, where courteſies excell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO I.

Calidore ſaves from Maleffort
A damzell uſed vylde;
Doth vanquiſh Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I.

Of court it ſeemes men courteſie doe call,
For that it there moſt uſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth that in princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill converſation:
Right ſo in Faery Court it did redound,
Where curteous knights and ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon:

II.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom it ſeemes that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeach, did ſteale mens hearts away:
Nathleſſe thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray, [play.
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſ-

III.

Ne was there knight, ne was there lady found
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace,
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase;
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

IV.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had;
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad;
When Calidore thus first; " Haile, noblest Knight
" Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

V.

" Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
" Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
" Now happy man," said then Sir Calidore,
" Which have so goodly, as ye can devize,
" Atchiev'd so hard a quest as few before,
" That shall you most renowmed make for evermore.

VI.

" But where ye ended have, now I begin
" To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde
" Or good direction how to enter in,
" Or how to iſſue forth, in waies untryde,
" In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide,
" In which although good fortune me befall,
" Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde."
" What is that queſt," quoth then Sir Artegall,
" That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?"

VII.

" The Blattant Beaſt," quoth he, " I doe purſew,
" And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
" Till I him overtake or elſe ſubdew;
" Yet know I not or how or in what place
" To find him out yet ſtill I forward trace."
" What is that Blattant Beaſt?" then he replide.
" It is a monſter bred of helliſhe race,"
Then anſwered he, " which often hath annoyd
" Good knights and ladies true, and many elſe deſtroyd.

VIII.

" Of Cerberus whilome he was begot,
" And fell Chimæra in her darkeſome den,
" Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot,
" Where he was foſtred long in Stygian fen,
" Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
" Into this wicked world he forth was ſent
" To be the plague and ſcourge of wretched men,
" Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
" He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

IX.

"Then since the Salvage Iland I did leave,"
Sayd Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
"The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
"That all in spight and malice did agree,
"With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
"As if that he attonce would me devoure;
"But I, that knew myselfe from perill free,
"Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
"But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."

X.

"That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
"Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
"To heare these tidings which of none afore
"Through all my weary travell I have had,
"Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
"Now God you speed," quoth then Sir Artegall,
"And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
"For ye have much adoe to deale withall."
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound,
Who seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide;
To whom approching in that painefull stound,
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide;

XII.

" Unhappy Squire! what hard miſhap thee brought
" Into this bay of perill and diſgrace?
" What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
" And thee captived in this ſhamefull place?"
To whom he anſwered thus; " My hapleſſe caſe
" Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
" But through misfortune, which did me abaſe
" Unto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubvert,
" Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

XIII.

" Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
" Hard by a ſtreight there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong,
" Which doth obſerve a cuſtome lewd and ill,
" And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong;
" For may no knight nor lady paſſe along
" That way, (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that way,
" By reaſon of the ſtreight and rocks among)
" But they that ladies lockes doe ſhave away,
" And that knights berd for toll, which they for paſſage pay."

XIV.

" A ſhamefull uſe as ever I did heare,"
Sayd Calidore, " and to be overthrowne;
" But by what meanes did they at firſt it reare,
" And for what cauſe? tell if thou have it knowne."
Sayd then that ſquire; " The lady which doth owne
" This caſtle is by name Briana hight,
" Then which a prouder lady liveth none;
" She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty knight,
" And ſought to win his love by all the meanes ſhe might.

XV.

" His name is Crudor, who through high diſdaine
" And proud deſpight of his ſelfe-pleaſing mynd,
" Refuſed hath to yeeld her love againe,
" Untill a mantle ſhe for him doe fynd
" With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd;
" Which to provide ſhe hath this caſtle dight,
" And therein hath a ſeneſchall aſſynd,
" Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
" Who executes her wicked will with worſe deſpight.

XVI.

" He this ſame day, as I that way did come
" With a faire damzell, my beloved deare,
" In execution of her lawleſſe doome,
" Did ſet uppon us flying both for feare,
" For little bootes againſt him hand to reare:
" Me firſt he tooke unhable to withſtond,
" And whiles he her purſued every where,
" Till his returne unto this tree he bond,
" Ne wote I ſurely whether her he yet have fond."

XVII.

Thus whiles they ſpake they heard a ruefull ſhrieke
Of one loud crying, which they ſtreightway gheſt
That it was ſhe the which for helpe did ſeeke;
Tho looking up unto the cry to leſt,
They ſaw that carle from farre, with hand unbleſt,
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her lockes, he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

XVIII.

Which haynous ſight when Calidore beheld
Eftſoones he looſd that ſquire, and ſo him left,
With heart's diſmay and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine which had reft
That piteous ſpoile by ſo iniurious theft;
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde,
" Leave, Faytor! quickely that miſgotten weft
" To him that hath it better iuſtifyde,
" And turne thee ſoone to him of whom thou art [defyde."

XIX.

Who hearkning to that voice himſelfe upreard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towardes make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake,
And with ſterne count'naunce thus unto him ſpake;
" Art thou the caytive that defyed me,
" And for this mayd, whoſe party thou doeſt take,
" Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
" Yet ſhall it not her lockes for raunſome fro me free."

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as unſtayd,
And oft recuile to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight;
But Calidore, that was well ſkill'd in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirite ſpar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall drive a mill, within ſtrong bancks is pent,
And long reſtrayned of his ready courſe,
So ſoone as paſſage is unto him lent
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore;
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him purſu'd and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
Whenas the carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His heart gan faint, and ſtreight he tooke his flight
Toward the caſtle, where if need conſtraine
His hope of refuge uſed to remaine;
Whom Calidore perceiving faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for deead of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him haſtilie.

XXIII.

They from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receive him in,
But Calidore did follow him ſo faſt,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin;
The carkaſſe tumbling downe within the dore
Did chocke the entraunce with a lumpe of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whileſt Calidore
Did enter in, and ſlew the porter on the flore.

XXIV.

With that the reſt the which the caſtle kept
About him flockt and hard at him did lay,
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a ſteare, in heat of ſommer's day,
With his long taile the bryzes bruſh away:
Thence paſſing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymett, who with uncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

XXV.

"False traytor Knight," ſayd ſhe, "no knight at all,
"But ſcorne of armes, that haſt with guilty hand
"Murdred my men, and ſlaine my ſeneſchall,
"Now comeſt thou to rob my houſe unmand,
"And ſpoile myſelfe, that cannot thee withſtand?
"Yet doubt thou not but that ſome better knight
"Then thou that ſhall thy treaſon underſtand,
"Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
"And if none do, yet ſhame ſhall thee with ſhame [requight."

XXVI.

Much was the knight abaſhed at that word,
Yet anſwer'd thus; "Not unto me the ſhame,
"But to the ſhamefull doer it afford:
"Bloud is no blemiſh; for it is no blame
"To puniſh thoſe that do deſerve the ſame;
"But they that breake bands of civilitie,
"And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe do defame
"Both noble armes and gentle curteſie:
"No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII.

" Then doe yourselfe for dread of shame forgoe
" This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
" And do instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
" To all that passe; that shall you glory gaine
" More then his love, which thus ye seeke t'obtaine."
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde;
" Vile Recreant! know that I do much disdaine
" Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
" Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be de-
[fyde."

XXVIII.

" To take defiaunce at a ladies word,"
Quoth he, " I hold it no indignity,
" But were he here that would it with his sword
" Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
" Cowherd," quoth she, " were not that thou wouldst
[fly
" Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
" If I doe so," sayd he, " then liberty
" I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
" With all those shames that erst ye spake me to de-
[face."

XXIX.

With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
(A privy token which betweene them past)
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight
Who, through strong powre, had now herselfe in hould,
Having late slaine her senechall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

XXX.

The dwarfe his way did haſt, and went all right;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that ſo much threatned knight;
Where that diſcourteous dame with ſcornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could ſuſtaine;
Yet he that could his wrath full wiſely guyde,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did himſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The dwarf which bore that meſſage to her knight
Brought aunſwere backe, that ere he taſted bread
He would her ſuccour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand;
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread,
And that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet as a faithfull band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blyth the lady ſtreight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſſe much more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the ſame,
Ne ought diſmayed, was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull ſeeme therefore;
And having ſoone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth to meet his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, whenas a knight
He ſpide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

XXXIII.

Well weend he ſtreight that he ſhould be the ſame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine,
Ne ſtayd to aſke if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middeſt of the plaine
With ſo fell fury and deſpiteous forſe,
That neither could the other's ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

XXXIV.

But Calidore uproſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenceleſſe ſound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he might,
For ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound:
But when Briana ſaw that drery ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood uppon the caſtle-wall,
She deem'd him ſure to have bene dead on ground,
And made ſuch piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall.

XXXV.

Nathleſſe at length himſelfe he did upreare
In luſtleſſe wiſe, as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he reſted ſtill;
But when he ſaw his foe before in vew,
He ſhooke off luſkiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling afreſh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horſebacke would enſew.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for mayſtery of might,
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight;
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath a while their anger's tempeſt ceaſt.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had pot-ſhares bene; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
That at the laſt like to a purple lake
Of bloudly gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riven ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunſt that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmoſt of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of ſight,
And nimbler-handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerlie, [litie:
That made him ſtoupe to ground with meeke humi-

XXXIX.

And ere he could recover foote againe,
He following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast,
And leaping to him light, would have unlast
His helme, to make unto his vengeance way;
Who seeing in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out, " Ah! mercie, Sir, doe me not slay,
" But save my life, which lot before your foot doth [lay."

XL.

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
And having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
" And is the boast of that proud ladies threat,
" That menaced me from the field to beat,
" Now brought to this? by this now may ye learne
" Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
" But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
" The which shall nought to you but foule dishonor [yearne:

XLI.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
" That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
" However strong and fortunate in fight,
" Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse:
" In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
" Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew:
" All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
" Subiect to Fortune's chance, still chaunging new:
" What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

XLII.

“ Who will not mercie unto others ſhew,
“ How can he mercy ever hope to have?
“ To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
“ Yet ſince ye mercie now doe need to crave,
“ I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſave,
“ With theſe conditions which I will propound;
“ Firſt, that ye better ſhall yourſelfe behave
“ Unto all errant knights whereſo on ground;
“ Next, that ye ladies ayde in every ſtead and ſtound.”

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heaſts did gladly heare,
And promiſt to performe his precept well,
And whatſoever elſe he would requere:
So ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſweare
By his own ſword, and by the croſſe thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or compoſition,
But to releaſe his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himſelfe moſt firmely to obay,
He up aroſe, however liefe or loth,
And ſwore to him true fealtie for aye:
Then forth he cald, from ſorrowfull diſmay,
The ſad Briana, which all this beheld,
Who comming forth, yet full of late affray,
Sir Calidore up-cheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV.

Whereof ſhe now more glad then ſory earſt,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courteſie, that pearſt
Her ſtubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herſelfe ſhe did proiect,
And him adoring as her live's deare lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull reſpect
Herſelfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love reſtord.

XLVI.

So all returning to the caſtle glad,
Moſt ioyfully ſhe them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes ſhe mote it beſt explaine;
And after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that caſtle for his paine,
And herſelfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrouſly now chaung'd from that ſhe was afore.

XLVII.

But Calidore himſelfe would not retaine,
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them ſtreight unto that ſquire againe,
Whom from her ſeneſchall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and ſtrong,
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO II.

Calidore ſees young Triſtram ſlay
A proud diſcourteous knight;
He makes him ſquire, and of him learnes
His ſtate and preſent plight.

I.

What vertue is ſo fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight ſhould love,
As curteſie, to beare themſelves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudeneſſe, for not yeelding what they owe;
Great ſkill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.

II.

Thereto great helpe Dame Nature ſelfe doth lend;
For ſome ſo goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater ſkill in mind,
Though they enforce themſelves, cannot attaine;
For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth beſt become and greateſt grace doth gaine;
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerves good thewes enforſt with
paine.

III.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares,
Whose every deed and word that he did say
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

IV.

And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array,
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may;
But ere he came in place that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with won-
[der fild.

V.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodman's iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunter's horne he hanging had.

VI.

Buſkins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe bore-ſpeare,
With which he wont to launch the ſalvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare
That firſt unto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed,
At length beſpake; "What meanes this, gentle Swaine!
"Why hath thy hand too bold itſelfe embrewed
"In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine?
"By thee, no knight, which armes impugneth plaine."
"Certes," ſaid he, "loth were I to have broken
"The law of armes, yet breake it ſhould againe,
"Rather then let myſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
"So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.

VIII.

"For not I him, as this his ladie here
"May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
"Ne ſurely thus unarm'd I likely were;
"But he me firſt through pride and puiſſance ſtrong
"Aſſayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame," then ſaid Sir Calidore,
"For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
"But then aread, thou gentle Chyld! wherefore
"Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſterne uprore."

IX.

" That shall I sooth," said he, " to you declare.
" I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
" For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
" Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit,
" To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
" In all this forrest and wild woodie raine;
" Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
" I chaunst to meete this knight who there lyes slaine,
" Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

X.

" The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
" And this his ladie, that him ill became,
" On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
" Thro' thicke and thin, unfit for any dame;
" Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
" Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
" He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
" Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
" Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

XI.

" Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
" Much was I moved in indignant mind,
" And gan to blame him for such cruelty
" Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
" He rather should have taken up behind;
" Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
" Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
" And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
" Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chyld per-[taine.

XII.

" Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
" His ſcornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
" That he ſtreightway with haughtie choler burned,
" And with his speare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
" Which I, enforſt to beare though to my paine,
" Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,
" Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
" Strooke him, as ſeemeth, underneath the hart,
" That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did de- [part."

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his ſpeach,
Tempred ſo well, but more admyr'd the ſtroke
That through the mayles had made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him that firſt occaſion broke;
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame ladie, whether what he ſpoke
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?

XIV.

Of all which whenas ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th'imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore, " Neither will I
" Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame;
" For what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
" And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſave: [ſhame;
" Againſt both which that knight wrought knightleſſe
" For knights and all men this by nature have,
" Towards all women-kind them kindly to behave.

XV.

" But ſith that he is gone irrevocable,
" Pleaſe it you, Ladie, to us to aread
" What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable
" To drive you ſo on foot, unfit to tread,
" And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead."
" Certes, Sir Knight," ſayd ſhe, " full loth I were
" To rayſe lyving blame againſt the dead;
" But ſince it me concernes myſelfe to clere,
" I will the truth diſcover as it chaunſt whylere.

XVI.

" This day, as he and I together roade
" Upon our way to which we weren bent,
" We chaunſt to come foreby a covert glade
" Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
" Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment
" Of their franke loves, free from all gealous ſpyes;
" Faire was the ladie ſure, that mote content
" An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
" And unto him did ſhew all lovely courteſyes.

XVII.

" Whom when my knight did ſee ſo lovely faire,
" He inly gan her lover to envy,
" And wiſh that he part of his ſpoyle might ſhare;
" Whereto whenas my preſence he did ſpy
" To be a let, he bad me by and by
" For to alight; but when as I was loth
" My loves owne part to leave ſo ſuddenly, [eth,
" He with ſtrong hand down from his ſteed me throw-
" And with preſumpteous powre againſt that knight
ſtreight goeth.

XVIII.

" Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
" For ladies service and for love's delight,
" Then fearing any foeman there to meete;
" Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
" Himselfe to yeeld his love, or else to fight:
" Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
" Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
" To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
" In which he had good right gaynst all that it gaine-
[sayd;

XIX.

" Yet since he was not presently in plight
" Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
" He him requested, as he was a knight,
" To lend him day his better right to trie,
" Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
" Might lightly fetch; but he was fierce and whot,
" Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
" But at him flew, and with his speare him smot,
" From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not.

XX.

" Meanewhile his ladie, which this outrage saw,
" Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
" Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
" And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
" My knight her's soone, as seemes, to daunger drove,
" And left sore wounded; but when her he mist,
" He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
" And range through all the wood, whereso he wist
" She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

XXI.

" But whenas her he by no meanes could find,
" After long ſearch and chauff he turned backe
" Unto the place where me he left behind;
" There gan he me to curſe and ban for lacke
" Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
" To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong;
" Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
" Strove to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long,
" But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and ſtrong.

XXII.

" Then as it were t'avenge his wrath on mee,
" When forward we ſhould fare, he flat refuſed
" To take me up (as this young man did ſee)
" Upon his ſteed, for no iuſt cauſe accuſed,
" But forſt to trot on foot, and foule miſuſed,
" Pounching me with the butt end of his ſpeare,
" In vaine complayning to be ſo abuſed;
" For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
" But more enforſt my paine, the more my plaints to [heare.

XXIII.

" So paſſed we, till this young man us met,
" And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
" Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret,
" Whereof befell what now is in your ſight."
" Now ſure," then ſaid Sir Calidore, " and right
" Me ſeemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
" Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
" Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and hault,
" To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne aſſault."

XXIV.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himſelfe ſo ſtoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face ſo lovely ſterne and coy,
And hearing th'anſweres of his pregnant wit,
He prayſd it much, and much admyred it,
That ſure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit;
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe wordes, as to him ſeemed good;

XXV.

" Faire gentle Swayne! and yet as ſtout as fayre!
" That in theſe woods amongſt the nymphs doſt wonne,
" Which daily may to thy ſweete lookes repayre,
" As they are wont unto Latonaes ſonne
" After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne,
" Well may I, certes, ſuch an one thee read,
" As by thy worth thou worthily haſt wonne,
" Or ſurely borne of ſome heroicke ſead;
" That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

XXVI.

" But ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell,
" (Unleſſe thou in theſe woods thyſelfe conceale
" For love amongſt the woodie gods to dwell)
" I would thyſelfe require thee to reveale,
" For deare affection and unfayned zeale
" Which to thy noble perſonage I beare,
" And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great weale,
" For ſince the day that armes I firſt did reare,
" I never ſaw in any greater hope appeare."

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble youth: “ May be,
“ Sir Knight, that by diſcovering my ſtate
“ Harm may ariſe unweeting unto me;
“ Natheleſſe, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
“ To you I will not feare it to relate.
“ Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
“ Sonne of a king, however thorough fate
“ Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
“ And loſt the crowne which ſhould my head by right [adorne:

XXVIII.

“ And Triſtram is my name, the onely heire
“ Of good King Meliogras, which did rayne
“ In Cornewale, till that he through lives deſpeire
“ Untimely dyde before I did attaine
“ Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine;
“ After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing mee
“ An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
“ Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
“ And ſent me where him liſt inſtructed for to bee.

XXIX.

“ The widow queene, my mother, which then hight
“ Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
“ Of my fraile ſafetie, reſting in the might
“ Of him that did the kingly ſcepter beare,
“ Whoſe gealous dread induring not a peare,
“ Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
“ Thought beſt away me to remove ſomewhere
“ Into ſome forrein land, whereas no need
“ Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

XXX.

" So taking counsell of a wise man red,
" She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
" Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
" The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
" Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
" Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong;
" To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me streight
" Into this land, where I have wond thus long
" Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature [strong.

XXXI.

" All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
" Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
" In ydlesse, but, as was convenient,
" Have trayned bene with many noble feres
" In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres;
" Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
" To hunt the salvage chace amongst my peres,
" Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
" Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was [seene.

XXXII.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
" Whether high towring or accoasting low,
" But I the measure of her flight doe search,
" And all her pray and all her diet know;
" Such be our ioyes which in these forests grow.
" Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
" And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
" I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
" And being now high time these strong ioynts to
imploy.

XXXIII.

" Therefore, good Sir! ſith now occaſion fit
" Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſeldome may,
" Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
" That ye will make me ſquire without delay,
" That from henceforth in batteilous array
" I may beare armes, and learne to uſe them right;
" The rather ſince that Fortune hath this day
" Given to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
" Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I have won in fight."

XXXIV.

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; " Faire Chyld! the high deſire
" To love of armes which in you doth aſpire,
" I may not certes without blame denie,
" But rather wiſh that ſome more noble hire
" (Tho' none more noble then is chevalrie)
" I had you to reward with greater dignitie."

XXXV.

There him he cauſd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Triſtram grew;
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaves ſmall,
Long ſhut up in the bud from heaven's vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmyling hew.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Triſtram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to ſtart,
But wayt on him in every place and part;
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would prove a doughtie knight;
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight:

XXXVII.

"Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire!
"To have thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
"That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
"And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt,
"But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
"To my dread ſoveraine, when I it aſſayd,
"That in atchievement of her high beheſt
"I ſhould no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
"Forthy I may not graunt that ye ſo greatly prayde.

XXXVIII.

"But ſince this ladie is all deſolate,
"And needeth ſafegard now upon her way,
"Ye may doe well, in this her needfull ſtate,
"To ſuccour her from daunger of diſmay,
"That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of ſuch new ſervice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay;
So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth paſſed to his former payne.

XXXIX.

But Tristram then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes;
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight,
So with her marched forth as she did him behight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them a while,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore,
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde:

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning;
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew:

XLII.

Then ſpeaking to the ladie, thus he ſaid;
" Ye dolefull Dame! let not your griefe empeach
" To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
" This knight unarm'd with ſo unknightly breach
" Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
" I may avenge him of ſo foule deſpight."
The ladie hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heavie words forth ſight:

XLIII.

In which ſhe ſhew'd how that diſcourteous knight,
Whom Triſtram ſlew, them in that ſhadow found
Ioying together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom ſhe was for ever bound;
Yet when ſhe fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull ſtorie had
Well underſtood, he gan of her demand
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could underſtand,
Him thus deſcribed, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A ladie on rough waves, row'd in a ſommer barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to gheſſe ſtreightway,
By many ſignes which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he whom Triſtram earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid: "Dame, be no longer ſad,
"For he that hath your knight ſo ill beſtad,
"Is now himſelfe in much more wretched plight;
"Theſe eyes him ſaw upon the cold earth ſprad,
"The meede of his deſert for that deſpight,
"Which to yourſelfe he wrought and to your loved [knight.

XLVI.

"Therefore, faire Lady! lay aſide this griefe,
"Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
"For that diſpleaſure, and thinke what reliefe
"Were beſt deviſe for this your lover's ſmart,
"And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
"Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herſelfe in that ſad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet could ſhe not deviſe by any wit
How thence ſhe might convay him to ſome place;
For him to trouble ſhe it thought unfit,
That was a ſtraunger to her wretched caſe,
And him to beare ſhe thought it thing too baſe:
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus beſpake;
"Faire Lady! let it not you ſeeme diſgrace
"To beare this burden on your dainty backe,
"Myſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

XLVIII.

So off he did his ſhield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare,
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne;
Thence they him carried to a caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne,
Where what enſu'd ſhall in next Canto be begonne.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK VI. CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

I.

True is that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne;
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne;
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set,
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed,
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed,
There of the knight the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

III.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares,
But now weake age had dimd his candle light;
Yet was he courteous ſtill to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded knight
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine,
And Aldus was his name, and his ſonnes Aladine.

IV.

Who when he ſaw his ſonne ſo ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
By a faire lady and a ſtraunger knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo dolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; "Ah, ſory Boy!
"Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
"Thou brings? Aie me! is this the timely ioy
"Which I expected long, now turnd to ſad annoy?

V.

"Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope,
"So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
"That ere they come unto their aymed ſcope,
"They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
"And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings
"Inſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace;
"This is the ſtate of keaſars and of kings:
"Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
"Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe."

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare,
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be [brought:

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne,
And of lesse livelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th'other's riches [scorne.

VIII.

So having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade,
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd, and set in secret shade;
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame, and further gan devize
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguize.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Faind her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may:
So they the evening past till time of rest,
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

X.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe:
So well she washt them, and so well she watcht him,
That of the deadly swound in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht [him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke;
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood;
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII.

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares;
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each other's griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt
How to ſave whole her hazarded eſtate,
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be Calidore; all other helpes were paſt.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull truſt,
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iuſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as Titan's beames forth bruſt
Through the thicke clouds in which they ſteeped lay,
All night in darkeneſſe duld with yron ruſt,
Calidore riſing up as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe unto his former way:

XIV.

But firſt him ſeemed fit that wounded knight
To viſite after this night's perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him if he were in plight,
And eke that lady, his faire lovely laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved ſpeach to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to over-paſſe,
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe
Of former daies miſhap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe.

XV.

Of which occaſion Aldine taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his diſadventures to unfold,
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th'end, his kyndly courteſie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To ſafe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her father's houſe he had her brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe; ſo after little ſtay,
That ſhe herſelfe had to the iourney dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Fearleſſe who ought did thinke or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite;
So as they paſt together on their way,
He can devize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cauſe in ſight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkaſſe of that knight he went,
The cauſe of all this evill, who was ſlaine
The day before by iuſt avengement
Of noble Triſtram, where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame;
So forth he paſſed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies father's houſe he came,
Moſt penſive man, through feare what of his childe became.

XVIII.

There he arriving, boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Moſt perfect pure and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood ſweare,
Since firſt he ſaw her, and did free from feare
Of a diſcourteous knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare;
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

XIX.

Moſt ioyfull man her ſire was her to ſee,
And heare th' adventure of her late miſchaunce,
And thouſand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; ne leſſe the lady did advaunce.
Thus having her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuaunce
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Unto his firſt exploite he did himſelfe apply.

XX.

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chaunſt to come whereas a iolly knight
In covert ſhade himſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that himſelfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him ſpight;
And eke the lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that knight's conceiv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,
And of adventures which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
And plesaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill, or daunger's hidden dred.

XXIV.

All ſodainely out of the forreſt nere
The Blatant Beaſt forth ruſhing unaware,
Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud to ſhew her ſad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Haſtily ſtarting up, like men diſmayde,
Ran after faſt to reskue the diſtreſſed mayde.

XXV.

The beaſt with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have ſpoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and ſwift in chace,
Him overtooke in middeſt of his race,
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himſelfe to fearefull flight,
For he durſt not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI.

Who natheleſſe when he the lady ſaw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he nould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forſt him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh aſunder braſt.

XXVII.

And now by this Sir Calepine, ſo hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the grond,
Having both ſides through grypt with grieſly wound:
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away,
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to ſtay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his buſie paines apply,
That the faint ſpright he did revoke againe
To her fraile manſion of mortality;
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteede, her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands, ſoft footing her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſuraunce mote abide
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace,
Tho wexing weary of that toylesome paine
In travelling on foote ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a river's ſyde
He chaunſt to ſpie a faire and ſtately place,
To which he ment his weary ſteps to guyde,
In hope there for his love ſome ſuccour to provyde:

XXX.

But comming to the river's ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foote it was,
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whileſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deviſing what to doe, he nigh eſpyde
An armed knight approaching to the place,
With a faire lady lincked by his ſyde,
The which themſelves prepard thorough the foord to [ride.

XXXI.

Whom Calepine ſaluting, as became,
Beſought of courteſie in that his neede
(For ſafe conducting of his ſickely dame
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heede)
To take him up behinde upon his ſteed;
To whom that other did this taunt returne,
" Perdy thou peaſant knight mightſt rightly reed
" Me then to be full baſe and evill borne,
" If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne:

XXXII.

" But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
" So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
" And let thy lady likewiſe doe the ſame,
" Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing payne,
" And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude ſpeach his lady much diſpleaſed
Did him reprove, yet could him not reſtrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eaſed
For pitty of his dame, whom ſhe ſaw ſo diſeaſed.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Againſt her knight, her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the river goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo fowle abuſed
Of a rude churle, whom often he accuſed
Of fowle diſcourteſie unfit for knight;
And ſtrongly wading through the waves unuſed,
With ſpeare in th'one hand, ſtayd himſelfe upright,
With th'other ſtaide his lady up with ſteddy might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that ſame diſcourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight,
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim;
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And ſaw his carriage paſt that peril well,
Looking at that ſame carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeaches ſharpe and fell.

XXXV.

" Unknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
" And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
" That is the badge of honour and of fame,
" Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
" That thou for ever doe thoſe armes forſake,
" And be for ever held a recreant knight,
" Unleſſe thou dare, for thy deare ladies ſake,
" And for thine owne defence, on foote alight,
" To iuſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equall fight."

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall,
Or had no courage, or else had no gall:
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty, lodging for her did beseeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter, that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad;
Nathelesse the knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunswer'd that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unlesse that with his lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

" Full loth am I," quoth he, " as now at earst,
" When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
" And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
" With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
" Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
" That should to me such curtesie afford,
" Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst;
" But yet aread to me how hight thy lord,
" That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford."

XL.

" His name," quoth he, " if that thou list to learne,
" Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
" And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
" In all assaies to every errant knight,
" Because of one that wrought him fowle despight."
" Ill seemes," sayd he, " if he so valiaunt be,
" That he should be so sterne to stranger wight,
" For seldome yet did living creature see
" That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

" But go thy waies to him, and fro me say
" That here is at his gate an errant knight,
" That house-rome craves, yet would be loth t'assay
" The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
" Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite;
" Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
" And tell withall the lamentable plight
" In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
" That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne."

XLII.

The groome went ſtreightway in, and to his lord
Declar'd the meſſage which that knight did move;
Who ſitting with his lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himſelfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle uſage did reprove,
And earneſtly entreated that they might
Find favour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame:
Which anſwer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But moſt for pitty of his deareſt dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did ſee,
Yet had no meanes to comfort nor procure her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
He ſaw the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe,
But th'utmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that night's fortune would for him addreſſe:
So downe he tooke his lady in diſtreſſe,
And layd her underneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Whiles he himſelfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena, full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that cherefull sight:
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

XLVI.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extremest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed knight to spy,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde;
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will;
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his ladies back, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affyde,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd,
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI.

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaſte him ſtill for all his ladies cry,
Not ſatisfyde till on the fatall ground
He ſaw his life powrd forth diſpiteouſly;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reſkue wrought,
And ſaved from his cruell villany :
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought;
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

CONTENTS.

Page

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK V.

The Legend of Artegall, or of Juſtice,	5
Book V. Canto I.	9
Canto II.	20
Canto III.	29
Canto IV.	53
Canto V.	71
Canto VI.	91
Canto VII.	105
Canto VIII.	121
Canto IX.	139
Canto X.	156
Canto XI.	170
Canto XII.	19[illegible]

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK VI.

The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courteſie,	207
Book VI. Canto I.	210
Canto II.	226
Canto III.	243

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